

The Times-Democrat.

VOL. XII. NO. 247.

LIMA, OHIO, THURSDAY, JULY 30, 1896.

PRICE THREE CENTS.

LD SOL'S FRYING PAN.

eat Prostrations Reported at Various Places.

FORMS FOLLOW HOT WAVE

aths at Several Places From Heat and Damages From the Storm Through-out Ohio and Indiana Re-colved by Wire.

CINCINNATI, July 30.—The sweltering continues. Two men were overcome by the heat. The first, Martin Taylor, a street cleaner, died in a short time. The other, M. Kobald, a baker, is in a critical condition. Two horses drawing a heavy load upon the landing fell from excessive heat. John Schuppa died from the effects of excessive heat. This makes 18 prostrations, two fatal. The government mercury went up to 96, thermometers in the street registering a maximum of 101. A cool breeze starting at noon has been tempering the heat.

Reports of storms.

CINCINNATI, July 30.—Specials from Ohio and Indiana say:

Sidney, O.—A tornado struck this morning. The hills protected the city, houses were unroofed and trees were twisted off. It was worse in the country, but no loss of life has thus far been reported.

South Charleston, O.—This place was saved by a most destructive wind and storm. Trees were uprooted, fences destroyed and many bridges swept away. Crops in lowlands have been made not worth harvesting.

Huntington, Ind.—A tornado damaged many buildings here, twisted trees and rendered worthless many fields of corn and oats. It was accompanied by a deluging rain.

Two Victims at St. Louis.

ST. LOUIS, July 30.—There appears to be no abatement in the terrible heat that has prevailed here since Sunday, offering humanity no relief.

More than 25 persons suffered from heat prostration. Two deaths are reported and it is feared four

more other victims will also die.

Tornado at Bluffton.

BLUFFTON, Ind., July 30.—A tornado swept over this county, clearing everything before it. Robert Gavin's huge barn was crushed, burying cattle and horses in the debris. Its track was only a few miles north of that of Tuesday's storm. The Methodist church was un-damaged.

Hurts at Louisville.

LOUISVILLE, July 30.—The present spell has broken the record for the past 15 years. The thermometer registered 95 degrees. Two deaths due to heat are reported, both among laborers, and there have been numerous prostrations.

DEATH OF ROBERT GARRETT.

In Many Years He Had Been a Hopeless Mental Invalid.

BALTIMORE, July 30.—Robert Garrett, formerly president of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, died at his cottage in her Park, Md., soon after 3 o'clock, though Mr. Garrett had been a hope- less mental invalid for many years, it is not thought that his physical infirmities were such as to cause any immediate uneasiness upon the part of his friends. About two weeks ago, however, he began to fail and it was thought to remove him from Uplands, his country home near Baltimore, to Darien, in the hope that the change of air scenery would benefit him. The improvement was not as great as his physicians hoped for, and within the last week the patient has suffered much from mental depression and melancholia.

FARO BANK ROBBED.

No Robber Loot a Gambling Game Near Cincinnati.

CINCINNATI, July 30.—A bold and successful robbery of a faro bank was perpetrated by the Newport, Ky., police, at Huber's garden, a summer resort on the electric line back of Newport, in a very quiet place, a faro game of considerable proportions has been in progress lately. Two men with revolvers came suddenly entered the room, and despite the superior numbers of the players and proprietors, they emptied the pockets of the players and the coffers of the proprietors and got away unarmed. No census was taken of the stolen money, but it is known that \$75 was taken from the cash drawer. All the victims are reticent, and it seems the new industry may become popular among highwaymen.

New Incorporations.

COLUMBUS, O., July 30.—The German Building association of Dayton, increase of capital stock from \$5,000,000 to \$8,000,000; the Teutonia Shooting club, Cincinnati; the Beech Novelty Fringer company, Mansfield, capital stock, \$5,000; the Union Shoe Manufacturing company, Chillicothe, capital stock, \$80,000; the Fountain Machine company, Cincinnati, capital stock, \$25,000; the Terrace Park company, Napoleon, capital stock, \$10,000; the Iaiden's Dry Yeast company, Circleville, capital stock, \$5,000; the United Brethren in Christ church, Attica.

Attempted to Hang Himself.

AKRON, O., July 30.—Frank Owens, a mason of Brooklyn, N. Y., who had been working in Kent, O., received a pay and went on a spree. He was arrested here while intoxicated, and attempted to hang himself in his cell at the city prison with his suspenders. He

was discovered and cut down before harm was done. He was fined \$3 and costs for intoxication and left the city.

Wreck on the Vandalia.

CRAWFORDSVILLE, Ind., July 30.—A freight train on the Vandalia railroad ran through a bridge near here, killing Conductor Fowler, Brakeman McKenna and Fireman John Herber, and seriously injuring Roadmaster J. S. Brock and Engineer Bowman. The wreck was caused by a washout. The train was demolished.

HOME AGAIN.

Major and Mrs. McKinley Return from Cleveland.

CANTON, O., July 30.—Major and Mrs. McKinley reached Canton from Cleveland, via the Cleveland, Canton and Southern, from their visit at Chairman Murphy's home. They came at this time to receive the Chicago university delegation. A telegram says the Knoxville, Pa., party to come Thursday afternoon, will have a special train and will reach Canton at 3:45 p.m.

SAVED FROM LYNCHING.

A Mob at Cincinnati Takes After a Wife Murderer.

CINCINNATI, July 30.—Thomas Davis, a colored laborer, recently from Rising Sun, Ind., in a jealous frenzy cut his wife's throat with a butcher knife. She died immediately.

Four policemen took him from a mob of would-be lynchers. It was all they could do to laud him in a statish house cell.

Chess Masters.

NUREMBERG, July 30.—The ninth round of the international chess masters' tournament resulted as follows: Pillsbury beat Lasker, Schlechter beat Albin, Porges and Marco drew a Gino piano, Walbrodt and Maroczy drew a French defense, Janowsky beat Tarrasch, Tarrasch beat Winawer, Steinhardt beat Showalter, Tschauder beat Fechnmann, Charousek beat Blackburn.

Prizefighter Killed.

SALT LAKE CITY, July 30.—Thomas Carter of Tucson, Ariz., who was knocked out in a 12-round contest with Bob Thompson of this city by a terrific blow on the chin, never recovered consciousness and died. Thompson is under arrest. Both are colored men.

The Committee Organized.

LOUISVILLE, July 30.—The Republican campaign committee met here for the purpose of organizing. Sam J. Roberts of Lexington was elected chairman and G. W. Liberto of Newport, secretary. State headquarters will be located here.

Will Stand by McKinley.

DENVER, July 30.—The Colorado Republican state central committee passed a resolution endorsing McKinley and Hobart and ruling all Republicans who had announced themselves for Bryan and Sewall out of the deliberations of the party.

Woman Instantly Killed.

NEW PHILADELPHIA, O., July 30.—Mrs. Patrick Smith of Barn Hill, this county, while walking on the C. & L. railroad, was struck by a Massillon accommodation and instantly killed.

Victim of Lockjaw.

HOPKINSVILLE, Ky., July 30.—Willie Clark, the 10-year-old son of Rev. C. H. Clark, a Baptist minister, died at Canton, Trigg county, of lockjaw, caused by running a splinter into his foot.

Suicide of a Russian Count.

NEW YORK, July 30.—Roman J. Zabof, claiming to be a journalist from Boston and a Russian count, committed suicide in a cell of a police station here.

Farmer Assigns.

BELLEFOINTAINE, O., July 30.—John M. Mitchell, one of the wealthiest farmers in this county, has assigned.

MARKET REPORTS.

Grain and Stock Quotations For July 29.

New York.

Beef—Family, \$2 50@50; extra meat, \$2 25; packed, \$2 50@50; Cut meat, \$2@50; pickled hams, \$2 50@50; pickled shoulders, \$2 50@50; Lard—Western stream, \$2 50@50; back meat, \$2 50@50; Bacon—\$2 50@50; ham, \$2 50@50; Butter—Western dairy, \$2 50@50; du creamery, \$2 50@50; cheese—State fair, \$2 50@50; ambo, \$2 50@50; Eggs—\$2 50@50; Eggs—\$2 50@50; Pennsylvania, \$2 50@50; western fair, \$2 50@50; Wheat—\$2 50@50; Corn—\$2 50@50; Rye—\$2 50@50.

Chicago.

Cattle—Fair to best beefs, \$2 50@50; stockers and feeders, \$2 50@50; mixed and bulls, \$2 50@50; Texan, \$2 50@50; western, \$2 50@50; Hogs—Light, \$2 50@50; rough, packing house, \$2 50@50; mixed and butchers, \$2 50@50; heavy packing and shipping, \$2 50@50; pigs, \$2 50@50; Butter—Western dairy, \$2 50@50; du creamery, \$2 50@50; cheese—State fair, \$2 50@50; ambo, \$2 50@50; Eggs—\$2 50@50; Eggs—\$2 50@50; Pennsylvania, \$2 50@50; western fair, \$2 50@50; Wheat—\$2 50@50; Corn—\$2 50@50; Rye—\$2 50@50.

Order of Retrenchment.

PHILADELPHIA, July 30.—Because of the general depression in business the Pennsylvania Railroad company has decided to stop all work on its line wherever possible in order to reduce expenses. At the same time it was ordered that all contemplated improvements should be laid aside for the present. For some time past the company has been retrenching.

Workers Must Hang.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 30.—S. D. Warren, the railroad striker charged with wrecking the railway bridge near Sacramento two years ago and thereby causing the deaths of Engineer Clark and three United States soldiers, must hang. The supreme court handed down a decision in which it affirmed the judgment of the superior court.

Population Decreasing.

XENIA, O., July 30.—School enumerators have finished work and Xenia has 2,030 children, a falling off of 50 from last year, indicating that the population is slightly on the decrease. The shut down of a paper mill employing about 75 men is the cause of it, some of these families having moved away.

Pittsburgh.

Cattle—Fair to best beefs, \$2 50@50; stockers and feeders, \$2 50@50; mixed and bulls, \$2 50@50; Texan, \$2 50@50; western, \$2 50@50; Hogs—Heavy, \$2 50@50; medium, \$2 50@50; pigs, \$2 50@50; Butter—Western dairy, \$2 50@50; du creamery, \$2 50@50; cheese—State fair, \$2 50@50; ambo, \$2 50@50; Eggs—\$2 50@50; Eggs—\$2 50@50; Pennsylvania, \$2 50@50; western fair, \$2 50@50; Wheat—\$2 50@50; Corn—\$2 50@50; Rye—\$2 50@50.

Market dull and lower.

Hogs—Yorks, \$2 50@50; rough, common to good, \$2 50@50; medium and heavy, \$2 50@50; pigs, \$2 50@50.

Butter—Western Kettles, \$2 50@50; common, \$2 50@50; choice, \$2 50@50; exparts, \$2 50@50.

Clothing.

Point Pleasant, W. Va., July 30.—Henry Lyon, in the Cologne district, murdered his wife, went to his mother's home, told her the story and then blew out his own brains with a pistol. A lynching posse visited the house and found him dead.

Fooled the Lynching Party.

ALLIANCE, O., July 30.—The Filer Coal company has come to an understanding with their miners in the Pal-

myra district who have been on a strike for the past three or four months. Work in the mines will be resumed at once.

Meeting at Churchill Downs.

LOUISVILLE, July 30.—There is to be a fall meeting at Churchill Downs. The first decision of the directors of the Louisville Jockey club has been reconsidered and there will be racing here for at least 10 days in November.

REPUBLICAN CAMPAIGN.

Report of the Conference of Prominent Leaders at New York.

NEW YORK, July 30.—The gentlemen invited to meet Mr. Hanna met at his hotel and found his quarters too cramped and adjourned to the new national headquarters.

Those present were National Committeeman Mark Hanna, Ohio; Frederick S. Gibbs, New York; Matthew S. Quay, Pennsylvania; N. B. Scott, West Virginia; Redfield Proctor, Vermont; George H. Lyman, Massachusetts; General R. G. Boynton, Rhode Island; General John S. Wilson, Delaware; George L. Wellington, Maryland; P. C. Cheney, New Hampshire; Samuel Fessenden, Connecticut; George E. Bowden, Virginia, and the following persons not on the national committee: John Wanamaker, Philadelphia; Frank S. Withersbee, New York; J. A. Gary, Maryland; J. G. Long, Florida; Garrett A. Hobart, New Jersey, and W. B. Plumb, Massachusetts.

Smith was arrested by the Washington police, and in view of the excited condition of the people of Prince George's county, probably will be held until formal requisition is made in order to permit the excitement to partly allayed.

The negro made two confessions, partly contradictory, but each admitting the murder. On the day of the murder she and Dr. Miller, a boarder, had driven into town, leaving the girl at home with the servants.

The latter swore that they heard a noise upstairs in the girl's room, but said they could not tell whether it was a laugh or a cry. A little later Smith came down and in answer to a question said the noise he heard was Miss Marguerite laughing at a story he had told her. He had a small basket on his arm and at once left the house, saying he was going to neighbors for some eggs.

The doctor who performed the autopsy said that his examination of the body showed that the girl first had been knocked down and rendered unconscious by a blow on the forehead, that she had then been outraged and later killed by the severing of the windpipe and jugular vein.

The jury promptly returned its verdict in accordance with this evidence. The negro servants about the place were held in custody on suspicion that they knew more of the affair than disclosed in their testimony.

RATE WAR TO UTAH.

Meeting of Western Passenger Association Ends in a Row.

CHICAGO, July 30.—The western lines had an all-around fight over the rates for the meeting of the fire chiefs at Salt Lake City. The rate was originally one fare for the round trip and later the Milwaukee and St. Paul declared that it would make a rate of \$30, which was a reduction of \$15.

Since nearly all the lines in the Western Passenger association have been offered extensions and taking other liberties with the original agreement that virtually makes the tickets open for anybody.

The meeting broke up in a general row with everybody angry and no settlement of the matter in sight. It is predicted that the rate will be \$15 for the round trip.

Still Hoarding Gold.

WASHINGTON, July 30.—While the export of gold seems to have been temporarily checked there are signs that hoarding is still going on. The statement of withdrawal shows that of the \$32,200 of gold taken from the treasury \$30,000 was in coin and only \$1,200 was in bars for use in the arts. During the day \$60,000 in gold coin was received at the treasury, making the balance stand at \$106,300.

Order of Retrenchment.

PHILADELPHIA, July 30.—Because of the general depression in business the Peasants' Railway company has decided to stop all work on its line wherever possible in order to reduce expenses. At the same time it was ordered that all contemplated improvements should be laid aside for the present. For some time past the company has been retrenching.

Workers Must Hang.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 30.—S. D. Warren, the railroad striker charged with

wrecking the railway bridge near Sacramento two years ago and thereby causing the deaths of Engineer Clark and three United States soldiers, must hang. The supreme court handed down a decision in which it affirmed the judgment of the superior court.

Population Decreasing.

XENIA, O., July 30.—School enumerators have finished work and Xenia has 2,030 children, a falling off of 50 from last year, indicating that the population is slightly on the decrease. The shut down of a paper mill employing about 75 men is the cause of it, some of these families having moved away.

Cattle—Market dull and lower.

Hogs—Yorks, \$2 50@50; rough, common to good, \$2 50@50; medium and heavy, \$2 50@50; pigs, \$2 50@50.

CAPTURING ROBENTS.

RAT CATCHING AS A CRAFT HAS UNDERRGONE CHANGES

How a St. Louisian Captures the Tremendous Pests at Five Cents a Head—His Trade Profitable One—Some of the Old Methods of Getting Rid of the Pesky Vermin.

There are few St. Louisians who know that rat catching is an established business in this city. And fewer know that considerable ingenuity enters into an adept practice of the craft. Venerable housewives recall how, a generation ago, there were some queer characters who contrived to rid places of the rodent pests by all manner of means. From ordinary leggermain to the extraordinary method of the Pied Piper of Hamelin. There were others, too, who hired out intelligent ferrets to exterminate rats. But the advance of civilization has had its effect on the science of rat catching, and even in that branch of industry mechanical contrivances have supplanted manual work.

C. P. Johnson is probably the leading rat catcher of St. Louis. His traps are not cheap trifles, and there are many persons who hire him to set the contrivances in their places, paying 5 cents for each of the little pests that is captured. The largest restaurants afford Johnson considerable work. But the hotels which would naturally be expected to offer a favorable field for Johnson's work, do not figure as among his good patrons. He says that the rat is one of the most cautious of animals, and that the meddlesomeness of hostile attachés prevents successful trap setting in hotels. One big down town establishment was rid of 53 rats in one night.

Both Johnson and Henry Hein attend to the former's traps. They make daily rounds, setting the contrivances or disposing of the captives. When a landlord wishes his place rid of rats, he informs Johnson of that portion of the house where the little animals do most of their foraging.

For the first night or two the trap is set there in such a manner that the rats can nibble the bait and afterward escape. On the day that Johnson finds all the cheese and crackers in the boxlike contrivance have been devoured during the night he attaches an auxiliary trap, into which the captive rats are to be forced out of the view of prospective prisoners. Thus fully 100 rats can be caught in one trap in one night.

Johnson says that he doesn't contract to entirely rid a place of rats. He thinks he "knows as much about the business as any one else" and says that when the rodents have firmly established themselves in a house it is almost impossible to drive them out. A ferret, he says, might destroy the nest and the trap catch all the rats in the house, but if the locality is particularly favorable for rodent life neighboring pests are most likely to move into the place.

"Times are changed," said an old timer. "I remember when a man had to work a sight harder than he does now before he'd get several pieces of silver for 24 hours' rat catching. In those days these newfangled traps weren't known."

"There used to be a fellow living down on the levee that knew more about rats than a jockey knows about race horses." He had a partner, and both of them worked all kinds of schemes on the little creatures. These two men had a way of spreading bait on a cellar floor and then sneaking in on rubber boots. One of them carried a sack and a queer pair of tongs. The other had a bulls-eye lantern with a sliding panel.

"They'd sit in the dark as quiet as a graveyard until the rats commenced fighting and quarreling or until they knew the place was full of the varmints."

"Then the lantern would be turned on suddenly, and the rats, who are as afraid of light as I am of ghosts, would stand stock still. The man with the tongs—and he was quicker than greased lightning—would pick up the pests and fire them into the sack before the little things knew what was up. Sometimes they'd bang as many as 40 at a crack, but at other times the rats would become accustomed to the light and scamper away before 20 of their comrades had been nabbed."

But the science of rat catching has fewer exponents than has the art of rat killing. Housekeepers are not generally anxious to have the little animals about them, and hence they pay more attention to the ways of exorcising the pests than they do to means of capturing them.

In addition to the time worn scheme of poisoned bait, there are a number of unique plans that are operated from time to time by landlords who have lost patience with the domestic marauders. An ingenious individual some time ago devised a plan of painting a captive rat with a phosphorescent preparation and then turning it loose. The released rat would return to its nest, and there its effigient coat would frighten the other rats out of all their instincts save that of fear.

There would be a pelimel fight, and as rats go it drives the painted rodent would run in their midst increasing their fright and hastening their flight. Some one suggested that the little animals would either run themselves to death or continue their chase until dawn, when, in the sunlight, the phosphorus would lose its brilliance. Even in the latter event the little animals would have left their previous haunts.

It is known that rats despise the odor of turpentine. Some housewives, when bothered by the domestic pests, catch one in a trap, and after bathing it in turpentine, release it. This plan is said to have almost as efficacious an effect as the phosphorescent paint.

There are some persons who claim that belling a rat will drive its comrades from their nest. A curious thing, however, the bell becomes detached from the pest to which it was tied before the desired end is attained. But a strong wire is expected to circumvent such a contingency.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat*.

DUSTY BY ACTUAL COUNT.

A scientific man numbered the dust particles in the very finest air. It has always been believed that there could be no dust in the caves underneath, or upon mountain peaks thousands of feet above the sea level where the snows are eternal. But science has recently demonstrated that such is not the case. It has even gone farther than finding dust in these places. It has counted, with the utmost accuracy, the number of particles in a cubic centimeter. Dust measurements were made from air over the open ocean and in mountain regions at altitudes from 6,900 feet to more than 13,000 feet. On the Bernina, in Switzerland, which forms part of the Alpine chain, containing the Rothorn and Weisshorn, rising about 9,000 feet above the Zermatt valley on the east, and some 8,000 feet from that of Zinal on the west, the observations showed that at an elevation of 6,700 feet there were 950 dust particles in a cubic centimeter, which measures a little over one-third of an inch. At 8,400 feet elevation only 513 dust particles were found, and at 13,000 feet above the sea the number diminished to 157 per cubic centimeter.

Over the Indian ocean the average number of dust particles in a cubic centimeter was less than 500 for seven out of nine days, and on five days was less than 400. During a thick fog in the Atlantic the air was found to contain 3,126 dust particles per cubic centimeter, while in the clear region just beyond the fog there were only 280 dust particles in the same space.

Probably even few men of science would be able to tell how these particles could be counted, but a wonderful little instrument has been devised which makes the task an easy one. The dust counter which Mr. Fridlander employs contains a chamber into which air can be introduced saturated with water vapor. Then it is slightly and quickly cooled. Owing to the fall of temperature condensation of vapor takes place on the dust nuclei, which then fall on to a micrometer plate at the bottom of the chamber, where they are rendered easily visible for counting by the water layer which coats them.—*New York Journal*.

GORGEIOUS AND FAST.

An Amateur Skipper's Experience With an Earwile Unbroken Catboat.

Summing up the advantages of certain places for the enjoyment of vacation and dilating on the pleasure and excitement of sailing small boats, an amateur skipper related an experience on the south shore of Long Island by saying: "I couldn't get away from town until the middle of the season, and when I arrived at—well, no matter where—I had difficulty in finding a catboat, but after a day's hunt I found a 17 footer, the only boat on that part of the bay that had not been let for the rest of the season. She had a black body and a yellow deck, with blue trimmings, red seats and a lead colored floor. She was a little too gorgous for my taste, but I had to take her or have nothing."

"The bayman that owned her said that he had been too busy to put her in condition before that time. 'She's a fine boat, sir, and fast, too,' he said. 'She's won every race in her class, and she can carry sail with the best of 'em.' I took her, but in the course of a week I couldn't get much speed out of her. She lagged her sail all right, and the best fun I had was in taking her out in rough weather and letting her slash through the worst of the water."

"One day we had a race, and since then everything that Kennedy and Kelly and their mascot, Mrs. Reed, touched turned to gold in their hands. The well was named, after the woman who found it, the Big Kate. She was famous wherever there was any one interested in oil. From Pittsburg, from Oil City and from all the fields the operators crowded to the Reed farm."

Mrs. Reed had an eighth interest in the well, and she began to make money. Oil was then worth about 65 cents, but it was pouring out of the hole at a phenomenal rate. For over a month it kept up and then lessened down to a steady flow. Kennedy and Kelly were in clover, but they had had too much of the other kind of luck and had started poverty too often in the face to be elated over their find. They plodded away, and Mrs. Reed followed their example. Other wells were sunk, and all were producing. A boom followed, and the field for a time was famous. Mrs. Reed's royalties rapidly mounted up, and she banked every penny she could spare. She remained in the house where she had seen bad times, but she and her children lived better. She was saving everything for them. When she died Saturday, she was worth \$100,000 in cash and her land.

"What?" cried the economical property man. "Six a night? Why, that will be 3 shillings a week!"

"Eh?" gasped the stage manager, horrified at the prospect of having to smoke the inferior weed. "You don't mean to say you are going to give me pennies?"

"Yes, by a fluke. The other boat broke down!"—*New York Times*.

Couldn't Be Done.

During a rehearsal at a country theater some years ago the stage manager, in looking over what would be required for the play, discovered that he would need six cigars each night for a part played by himself, which fact he communicated to the property man.

"What?" cried the economical property man. "Six a night? Why, that will be 3 shillings a week!"

"Well," stammered the property man, "upon my word, sir, I can't get them any cheaper!"—*London Answers*.

White For Yachting.

The color chosen by experienced yachtsmen for general wear is white. It neither fades nor spots with salt water. Exposure to the sun only causes the creamy tone to become richer and darker, besides all of which advantages it is considered more chic than the time honored blue.

There is this immense benefit in machinery, that it carries on those operations which debase the mind and injure the faculties. A man by constantly performing the same operations becomes fatigued for any other. —Sir Humphry Davy.

Women cannot throw because of a peculiar formation of the shoulder blade that prevents the swing necessary to the proper propulsion of a stone or other object.—*Pittsburg Times*.

STORIES OF THE DAY.

A Poor Widow Who Discovered a Famous Oil Well.

The modern Mine. Madam—Mrs. Katherine E. Reed—died Saturday at her home, Williamson, W. Va. She made a fortune by an inspiration and helped several others on the royal road to wealth. Her good luck came when she and her friends were plodding in the deepest depression, but her suddenly acquired audience never turned her head, and she was the same plain, sensible woman all through an excitement and rush for riches that frenzied crowds of men.

Among oil men the name of Mrs. Reed was a byword for good luck, for she brought in the "Big Kate" gusher from the "Cow Run second" at Williamson and created a boom that swept her and her associates to a fortune almost in a day. The story of her life is a romance that in those prosaic days can only be produced from the whirl of life in the oil and gold countries. Five years ago she was a poor widow, living on a barren farm outside of Williamson and about six miles back from the Ohio river. Small oil wells had been struck in the vicinity of her farm, which covered about 100 acres of scrubby, hilly, cleared land. Her husband had been dead for some time after spending years in eking out a bare subsistence from the craggy acres about his frame house. By selling meals to the few chance travelers on the road Mrs. Reed managed to make a living for herself and eight children. Four years ago William Kennedy and Robert Kelly, two jovial Irishmen who were in the oil business and had had the worst kind of bad luck, fell in with Mrs. Reed.

They had their usual run of ill luck in the Sisterly field, except that in this case they had pulled out with just enough money to sink one more well somewhere, when they met Mrs. Reed and got a lease from her. The well was put down on her Williamson property, but the hoodoo of the Irishmen was still upon them, and the well proved the rankest kind of a duster. With all their money gone, Kennedy and Kelly resolved to quit trying to do any more in West Virginia.

But Mrs. Reed had an inspiration. She was sure there was oil on her land, and she sold the disheartened drillers her belief. They would scarcely listen to her. Kentucky was then looming up large, and they were going there to make another start. Mrs. Reed begged them to make one more trial on her land. They said it was impossible, as they had no money and she had none. She reasoned with them and was so certain of her coming fortune that ultimately her impressiveness won over the two Irishmen. She offered to board both of them at her expense if they would only drill in "the cove," a hollow about a quarter of a mile from the duster and over in a corner of her farm. They consented. Somehow they got enough money to enable them to start. The derrick of the dry well was taken down—a most unusual proceeding—which showed the financial straits of the party, and the casing of the old hole was also recovered. Two men were taken in to assist them. The work went on slowly, for their hearts were not in the effort, and it was only the inspiring assurances day by day from Mrs. Reed that kept them at it at all. The days were as long as years, so the lucky men often said since. Suddenly, like a flash in the night, they struck oil—not a dribble, but a 1,200 barrel gusher.

Their luck had changed, and since then everything that Kennedy and Kelly and their mascot, Mrs. Reed, touched turned to gold in their hands. The well was named, after the woman who found it, the Big Kate. She was famous wherever there was any one interested in oil. From Pittsburg, from Oil City and from all the fields the operators crowded to the Reed farm.

Mrs. Reed had an eighth interest in the well, and she began to make money. Oil was then worth about 65 cents, but it was pouring out of the hole at a phenomenal rate. For over a month it kept up and then lessened down to a steady flow. Kennedy and Kelly were in clover, but they had had too much of the other kind of luck and had started poverty too often in the face to be elated over their find. They plodded away, and Mrs. Reed followed their example. Other wells were sunk, and all were producing. A boom followed, and the field for a time was famous. Mrs. Reed's royalties rapidly mounted up, and she banked every penny she could spare. She remained in the house where she had seen bad times, but she and her children lived better. She was saving everything for them. When she died Saturday, she was worth \$100,000 in cash and her land.

"What?" cried the economical property man. "Six a night? Why, that will be 3 shillings a week!"

"Well," stammered the property man, "upon my word, sir, I can't get them any cheaper!"—*London Answers*.

White For Yachting.

The color chosen by experienced yachtsmen for general wear is white. It neither fades nor spots with salt water. Exposure to the sun only causes the creamy tone to become richer and darker, besides all of which advantages it is considered more chic than the time honored blue.

There is this immense benefit in machinery, that it carries on those operations which debase the mind and injure the faculties. A man by constantly performing the same operations becomes fatigued for any other. —Sir Humphry Davy.

Women cannot throw because of a peculiar formation of the shoulder blade that prevents the swing necessary to the proper propulsion of a stone or other object.—*Pittsburg Times*.

WOMEN WHO HATE MEN.

There seem to be a large number of them here and there.

Pathetic Story of a Young Cuban Wife Sent to Cuba.

While it would, of course, be unfair to suppose that all or even the greater portion of these women who elect to lead a life of single blessedness are men haters, still there are some to whom that designation fully applies.

There is a lady residing in an eastern state town well known for her pronounced views regarding the sterner sex. Man, if she knows it, is not allowed, directly or indirectly, to contribute to her wants in life. Males are strictly forbidden the house, and the lady declines to have any dealings with business carried on by men.

Her baker, grocer, dairy dealer and milk dealer all are women, and it is said that meat has been entirely obliterated from the establishment dietary simply because there is not a female butcher in the neighborhood. Though decidedly benevolent in disposition, charitable societies depending on male collectors get no subscriptions and the only way the tax collector can make sure of his money is by sending his wife for it.

Another abominator of men has acquired a terrace of houses, with designs upon obtaining the whole street, with the object of founding a colony of women occupiers. These tenements are, of course, only let to females, and any tenant in a moment of weakness entertaining thoughts of entering the marriage state is promptly served with a notice to quit.

The colony of woman suffragists who have a quiet summer house on Cape Cod do not go to these extremes, but are content to exclude male callers, whether they are relatives or not.

A Chicago woman not long since displayed her abhorrence of the opposite sex by refusing to accept a legacy left her by a male connection.

Another, who was herself rich, executed a will by which, at her death, substantial bequests were left to her female relatives, while the males inherited the paltry sum of \$1 each. A third left a sum of money at her decease to be expended in founding and endowing a home for women who had attained a certain age without marrying.

There is reported to be in one of the western states a society of women sworn to renounce the companionship of man for life. Each member registers a vow to remain single all her days, but the regulations of the league do not require its adherents to withdraw from the other responsibilities of the world. A most unusual proceeding—which showed the financial straits of the party, and the casing of the old hole was also recovered. Two men were taken in to assist them. The work went on slowly, for their hearts were not in the effort, and it was only the inspiring assurances day by day from Mrs. Reed that kept them at it at all. The days were as long as years, so the lucky men often said since. Suddenly, like a flash in the night, they struck oil—not a dribble, but a 1,200 barrel gusher.

Their luck had changed, and since then everything that Kennedy and Kelly and their mascot, Mrs. Reed, touched turned to gold in their hands. The well was named, after the woman who found it, the Big Kate. She was famous wherever there was any one interested in oil. From Pittsburg, from Oil City and from all the fields the operators crowded to the Reed farm.

Mrs. Reed had an eighth interest in the well, and she began to make money. Oil was then worth about 65 cents, but it was pouring out of the hole at a phenomenal rate. For over a month it kept up and then lessened down to a steady flow. Kennedy and Kelly were in clover, but they had had too much of the other kind of luck and had started poverty too often in the face to be elated over their find. They plodded away, and Mrs. Reed followed their example. Other wells were sunk, and all were producing. A boom followed, and the field for a time was famous. Mrs. Reed's royalties rapidly mounted up, and she banked every penny she could spare. She remained in the house where she had seen bad times, but she and her children lived better. She was saving everything for them. When she died Saturday, she was worth \$100,000 in cash and her land.

"What?" cried the economical property man. "Six a night? Why, that will be 3 shillings a week!"

"Well," stammered the property man, "upon my word, sir, I can't get them any cheaper!"—*London Answers*.

White For Yachting.

The Lewiston Journal says that Maine's most curious wayfarer is Susanna Quinn, who for many years has trudged through the rural districts in the western part of the state. Androscoggin county is a favorite region with Susanna. All the farmers' wives know her, and most of them, especially in a few towns in the southern part of the county, have helped her along her way by giving the poor old woman some little gifts or housing her for the night. As she is reticent, no one knows her story, and she has never told any one why she took to this solitary pilgrimage. She presents a curious figure on the road. She lugs all of her possessions along with her, staffed into carpetbags and valises or wrapped in strange looking bundles.

The Face.

Nature has laid out all her art in beautifying the face. She has touched it with vermilion, planted in it a double row of ivory, made it the seat of smiles and blushes, lighted it up and enlivened it with the brightness of the eyes, lining it at each side with curious organs of sense, given it airs and graces that cannot be described and surrounded it with such a flowing shade of hair as sets all its beauties in the most agreeable light.—Addison.

Didn't Teach She Bears.

THEY WAR ON WOMEN.

Pathetic Story of a Young Cuban Wife Sent to Cuba.

The following letter has been received from Owen Millet, the young American captured on the schooner *Competitor* and now confined in the Catama fortress:

"Two days ago a batch of prisoners was brought in, one of whom was a beautiful young Cuban woman. She was in chains like the others, and her clothing was in tatters. As she passed the Spanish soldiers made coarse remarks about her, which made tears come to her eyes. One soldier attempted to touch her as she passed, but the lady gave him such a look of hate that the brute desisted. The lady is Mrs. Innocencia Aranjo, and her story is a sad one. Three months ago she was one of the happiest young wives near Guantanamo. Her family was wealthy and her husband, Jose Aranjo, was prominent. The family was intensely pro-Cuban, and finally Mrs. Aranjo's husband joined the insurgents, being commissioned as captain.

"A month after her husband's departure Mrs. Aranjo's home was raided by Spanish guerrillas. They found her alone with a nephew, making a Cuban flag for her husband's company. The Spaniards arrested the lady and boy and sent them to Santiago de Cuba, where they were confined with common criminals. After a long delay, the nephew having died meanwhile, Mrs. Aranjo was tried by court martial and sentenced to deportation to Cuba. The Spanish convict settlement in Africa. Then she was brought here, whence she will be sent by the next steamer to Cuba. The only charge against her is that she was making a Cuban flag.

"The poor lady is wasting away and may die before she can be deported. She sings nearly all the time, and such mournful notes I never heard. They are so pathetic, so full of longing, that the prisoners are averted to silence and many listen with moist eyes. Some of us think that her mind has given way under the brutalities of the Spaniards. Frequently the Spaniards, cursing, order her to bush, but she stares at them vacantly and continues to sing."—Philadelphia Press.

FIRST MAPLE SUGAR.

A CLAIM THAT ITS DISCOVERY WAS ACCIDENTAL.

The Story of the Indian Squaw Who Boiled Moose Meat For Her Lord In Sap From Maple Trees—How the Carelessness of Moqua Brought Her Praise.

It does not appear that any record was made of aboriginal methods of tapping the maple and converting its sap into sugar, nor is the oldest maple old enough to tell us, though it had the gift of speech or signifying intelligible to us. We can only guess that the primitive Algonquin laboriously collected a harbinger wood with his stone hatchet and with a stone screech cut a place for a spoon so far settling the factum, which was long followed by wise men with only the duff-noses that better tools made possible. Or we may guess that the Indian, taking a leaf from his little brother, Nipissas, the squirrel, who strips the smooth barked branches, broke these off and caught the sap in suspended vessels of birch bark, than which no cleaner and sweeter receptacle could be imagined. Doubtless the boiling was done in the earthen kohks, or pots, some of which had a capacity of several gallons. According to Indian myths, it was taught by a heaven sent instructor.

The true story of the discovery of maple sugar making is in the legend of Woksis, the mighty hunter. Going forth one morning to the chase, he bade Moqua, the squaw of his bosom, to have a choice cut of moose meat boiled for him when he should return, and that she might be reminded of the time he stuck a stake in the snow and made a straight mark out from it in the place where its shadow would then fall. She promised strict compliance, and as he departed she hewed off the desired tibiae with her sharpest stone knife, and filling her best kohk with clean snow for melting hung it over the fire. Then she sat down on a bearskin and began embroidering a pair of moccasins with variably dyed porcupine quills.

This was a labor of love, for the moccasins of the finesse deerskin, were for her lord. She became so absorbed in the work that the kohk was forgotten till the bark cord that suspended it was burned off and it spilled its contents on the fire with a startling, quenching, scattering explosion that filled the wigwam with steam and smoke. She lifted the overturned vessel from the embers and ashes by a stick thrust into its four cornered mouth, and when it was cool enough to handle she repaired it with a new bill of bark, and the kohk was ready for service again. But the shadow of the stake had swung so far toward the mark that she knew there was not time to melt snow to boil the dinner.

Happily she brought her of the great maple behind the wigwam, tapped merely for the provision of a pleasant drink, but the sweet water might serve a better purpose now. So she filled the kohk with sap and hung it over the mended fire. In spite of impatient watching it presently began to boil, whereupon she popped the ample ration of moose meat into it and set a cake of pounded corn to take on the tilted slab before the fire. Then she resumed her embroidery, in which the sharp point of each thread supplied its own needle.

The work grew more and more interesting. The central figure, her husband's totem of the bear, was becoming so lifelike that it could easily be distinguished from the wolves, eagles and turtles of the other tribal totems. In imagination she already beheld the moccasins on the feet of her noble Woksis, now stealing in awful silence along the warpath, new on the neck of the "ullen feo, now returning jubilant with triumph or fleeing homeward from defeat to ease the shame of failure by killing her, in which case she felt herself bearing, as ever, her useful part. So she dreamt and worked, stitch by stitch, while the hours passed unheeded, the shadow crept past the mark, the kohk boiled low, and the cake gave forth the smell of burning. Alas, the cake was a blackened crisp, and lo, the once juicy piece of meat was a shriveled morsel in the midst of a gummy, dark brown substance.

She snatched kohk and cake from the fire, and then hearing her husband coming, she ran and hid herself in the nearest chick of evergreens, for she knew that when he found not wherewith to appease the rage of hunger he would be seized with a more terrible one against her. Listening awhile with a quaking heart, and catching no alarming sound, but aware instead of an unaccountable silence, she ventured forth and peeped into the wigwam.

Woksis sat by the fire eating with his fingers from the kohk, while his face shone with an expression of supreme content and enjoyment. With wonder she watched him devour the last morsel, but her wonder was greater when she saw him deliberately break the earthen pot and lick the last vestige of spoiled cookery from the shards. She could not restrain a surprised cry, and discovering her he addressed her:

"O woman of woman! Didst thou conceive this marvel of cookery, or has Kloek-Beh been thy instructor?"

Being a woman, she had the wit to withhold the exact truth, but permitted him to believe whatever he would.

"Let me embrace thee," he cried. And upon his lips she tasted the first maple sugar.

The discovery was made public, and kohks of sap were presently boiling in every wigwam. All were so anxious to get every atom of the precious sweet that they broke the kohks and scraped the pieces, just as Woksis, the first sugar eater, had done. And that is why there are so many fragments of broken pottery and so few whole vessels to be found.—Atlantic Monthly.

Apologies.

They were talking the other evening about apologies and how awkward they were to make and still more awkward sometimes to receive. One woman said that she always felt like "apologizing for apologizing." "Which reminds me," said a man of the party, "of the darky preacher's sermon on stealing, in which he took occasion to say to his congregation, 'I see six chicken thieves before me, including Bruder Johnings.' This naturally 'riled' Bruder Johnings so he at once called upon the preacher and demanded an apology. Whereupon the preacher arose on his succeeding Sunday and rested his postulation as follows, 'I see five chicken thieves before me, not including Bruder Johnings.'—New York Sun."

A Green Grass Ball.

If you want something pretty for the children to look at, buy a cheap sponge, dampen it and sprinkle grass or flaxseed on it and hang by a long string in a sunny window. In a few days you will have a beautiful grass ball. Keep the sponge very wet, and when the grass begins to die pull it all off and try again.

WATER BENEATH CORAL ROCK.

Yucatan's Many Streams Flow Through Subterranean Tunnels.

There are no streams in Yucatan which flow above the ground, but the whole peninsula is one vast table of coral rock, and beneath it are immense sheets of fresh water, with regular though ill-defined tides and currents. Along the coasts these subterranean waters are quite near the surface, but in the interior, where the calcareous layer is of great thickness, the waters are low down. At intervals they break into caverns formed by earthquakes by pressure of their own force or by the infiltration of surface water into the natural grottoes of the coral rock, and whenever the water can be reached, whether through artificial pits or by the operations of nature, the place is called a cenote. There are great many of them scattered all over Yucatan, and those near Merida are utilized as public bathhouses, affording most refreshing resorts.

Centuries ago the Indians marked the courses of the subterranean rivers by heaps of stones and always built their cities close by the water caves, as their rains show, and it is interesting to note to this day all the civilized centers of Yucatan have arisen around these natural reservoirs. There are many forms of cenotes. When the water flows at a slight depth and the calcareous layer has been partially eaten away, there follows an irregular sinking, which forms a cave, opening from side to side, but when the crust is thicker and the underground stream has a regular course the salt is generally corrod in a circular space and the vault thus formed, lacking support, falls in, making an immense open well. Often the crust is so deep that the soft parts only crumble down, leaving a small aperture toward the top, fashioning a real grotto, with stalactites and stalagmites galore. Again, it happens that the crust is exceedingly thick, when a colossal subterranean passage may produce in a friable soil by the silent work of ages may be here witnessed. The conote of which I write is a natural cavern, nearly 50 feet deep, broken down at one side, thus forming a gigantic arch. Within it appears every form of stalagmite and stalactite, and its roof is perforated with holes, in which are thousands of birds' and hornets' nests. At the bottom of it, reached by a flight of stone steps from the charming garden above, is an extensive sheet of clear, fresh water, containing a multitude of tiny fish (Pescado cenote) similar to those found in the Mammoth cave of Kentucky—only these are not eyeless. The overhanging roots of trees fringe its broken arch, affording shelter to innumerable lizards and iguanas, which dart along the ledges like embodied sunbeams, while above them countless swallows circle in masses so dense that the whirring of their wings produces a deafening noise, echoed from below in hollow reverberations.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Father Mathew's Mission.

The account of Father Mathew's mission from 1838 to 1842 read like a fable. He made teetotalers as the great powers—by the million—only much faster, and if there had been any staying power in the business the liquor question would have been settled out of hand. Wherever he went a veritable fury of sacrifice appears to have seized the people of Ireland, though the estimated number of converts must be discounted by the equal fury of exaggeration which seized the chroniclers of his progress. Thus in 1839 he is said to have administered 30,000 pledges in one day at Connell and from 100,000 to 150,000 in two days at Limerick. Unless pledges were taken by proclamation it would be physically impossible to administer one-quarter the number stated.

In 1840 he is said to have added 748,000 to the ranks, or an average of over 2,000 per diem for every day in the year, and by 1841 the number of total abstainers in Ireland was reckoned at 4,647,000, or considerably more than the entire adult population. Any one may believe it who likes, but whatever the exact truth may be it is certain that this homely village priest did for a time meet with a success beside which the united efforts of all the other advocates of temperance before and after him fade into insignificance. In three years he actually reduced the consumption of spirits in Ireland from 10,813,000 gallons to 5,290,000 gallons and practically abolished drunkenness.—National Review.

Sugar as Food.

The use of sugar is now advocated by medical men as a muscle producing food.

If the ideas of Dr. Vaughan Harley are carried out, the college athlete not only of the future, but the present, will train on a saccharine diet exclusively. Athletes are now seriously considering the idea. Some, it is said, have already put it into practice.

For years past it has been one of the fundamental theories of trainers that sugar was hurtful if taken in quantity, and athletes were told to hold the product of the cane in abhorrence as a thing only detrimental to their interest. Now Dr. Harley makes the claim that sugar is not only harmless, but that it is, on the contrary, one of the best of foods for producing muscle.

The doctor says that physiologists have demonstrated that sugar is the principal if not the only source of muscular activity, and that it is present in large quantities in the blood during the activity of muscles, while the blood returning from these muscles is free from sugar. In support of this claim Dr. Harley says that a person living on sugar for 24 hours could do nearly as much work as on an ordinary full diet.—New York Journal.

The Dead of St. Peter's.

And far below all are buried the great of the earth, deep down in the crypt. There lies the chief apostle, and there lie many martyred bishops side by side, men who came from far lands to die the holy death in Rome—from Athens, from Bethlehem, from Syria, from Africa. There lie the last of the Stuarts, with their pitiful kingly names, James III, Charles III and Henry IX. The Emperor Otho II has lain there 1,000 years. Pope Boniface VIII of the Cetani, whom Sciarra Colonna struck in the face at Anagni, is there, and Rodrigo Borgia, Alexander VI lay there awhile, and Agnes Colonna and Queen Christina of Sweden and the great countess and many more besides, both good and bad, even the Caterina Cornaro, queen of Cyprus, of romantic memory.—St. Peter's, by Marlon Crawford, in Century.

Surprising Effect.

Young Husband—What! You are 25 years old today? Why, you told me a year ago, just before the wedding, that you were only 20.

Young Wife (wearily)—I have aged rapidly since I married.—New York Weekly.

William's Address Cards.

The address-cards of the German emperor are distinguished only by their great simplicity. Unlike those of the German nobility, which are generally adorned with crests and crowns, these are without any ornament except in plain Gothic letters.

His name, "Wilhelm, German Emperor and King of Prussia." The first Wilhelm omitted the "and" between the two titles.

A Green Grass Ball.

If you want something pretty for the children to look at, buy a cheap sponge, dampen it and sprinkle grass or flaxseed on it and hang by a long string in a sunny window.

In a few days you will have a beautiful grass ball. Keep the sponge very wet, and when the grass begins to die pull it all off and try again.

A RIDE FOR LIFE.

You have heard of brave men's fearless rides Through perils of war and of storm, For honor or country or dear friends, And you've praised them with praises warm. Well, here is another ride for life.

From perils more dread and stark Than ever were raised by war's red strife Or followed the dragon's track.

When the light goes out on the mountain top, And the shadows fall on the plain, And darkness comes give your blood's curse stop.

And the world is party and vain:

When laughter and sloth and indifference Have swamped your soul in their tank.

And the only thing that's reality Are the heavy clouds of ill luck,

On then is the time for your life to ride,

For death lurks there in the gloom,

But hope lies over the border side,

Where sunshine's flowers bloom!

The hope that maketh the old heart glad

And causeth the sore to heal.

Lo, just at noon, and you reach its land

By the way of the whirling wheel.

—Exchange.

SECONDHAND SACKS.

How They Are Gathered, Sorted, Mended and Their Usefulness Extended.

Where do all the lost needles and pins go? is an old question, but how many people have ever stopped to think where all the old gunny sacks go? A sack is not like a sulphur match, only meant for one use, but goes the rounds many times before it finally finds its way to the ragshop or gets its final reincarnation into wrapping paper.

In fact, the bag brokerage business is quite a trade, and there is one quite good-sized establishment down on Drumlin street whose business is resurrecting and reviving old sacks and sending them out into the world on a new mission of usefulness.

"Yes, it is quite a business," said little Mr. Schmidt when questioned as to where all the bags came from and went to. "They come from everywhere, pretty much, and they go everywhere, pretty much, but not the same places."

"The most bags we get are from the breweries and other places where they handle a great deal of grain. They are the best, too, as a rule, and we bale them up for 'firsts.' The other sacks we sort out and clean, and, if they need it, patch them and mend them, and they make up the 'seconds' and 'thirds.' They are smoothed out, tied up in packages of 25 each, and then done up in bales of 250 and shipped to the consumers. The best of them are usually used for potatoes, the others for coal and such, and the lowest grade for fertilizers.

"The busiest season for us is from June to August, when there are a great many vegetables shipped. I have men out all the time gathering up sacks, and in winter we sort and pack them ready to ship when business gets brisk.

"As to the price, new sacks are worth about \$4.05 a hundred now. The best secondhand bring about \$3 and from that down.

"We get a good deal of loose grain out of the brewery sacks, but not enough to pay to save it. Of course we have lots of rats and mice about, though we try to keep them down, and I take the grain and sprinkle it around among the bales so the mice that are around will have plenty to eat, and eat the grain instead of the sacks.

"Trade ain't what it was some time ago, but we still handle about 500,000 sacks a year, and they are all used in and around San Francisco."—San Francisco Chronicle.

Just What She Wanted.

A lady whose organ of benevolence was not properly developed once sent the following advertisement to a London paper:

"A lady in delicate health wishes to meet with a useful companion. She must be domesticated, musical, early riser, amiable, of good appearance and have some experience of nursing. Total abstainer preferred. Comfortable home. No salary."

A few days after the advertiser received a hamper labeled:

"This side up—with care—perishable."

On opening it she found a fine tabby cat with a letter tied to her tail. It ran thus:

"Madam, in answer to your advertisement I am happy to furnish you with a very useful companion, which you will find exactly suited to your requirements. She is domesticated, a good vocalist, an early riser, possesses an amiable disposition and is considered handsome. She has had great experience as a nurse, having brought up a large family. I need scarcely add that she is a total abstainer. As salary to her is no object, she will serve you faithfully in return for a comfortable home."

It would be putting it very mildly to say that this reply quite upsets the lady's equilibrium.—London Exchange.

Poker Pitch.

The late General Francis B. Spinola of New York was once in a game of poker with a congressman who was all the time owing amounts as a result of his losses, and he would forget to cash in his I.O.U.s. It wasn't long before Mr. Bad Pay obtained from the general \$50 worth of chips. The general kept on winning and finally cashed in his original investment and began to pile up his winnings in an artistic fashion. Mr. Bad Pay also finally struck a fine streak of luck, and he, too, was comparatively a large winner. One of the party inquired of General Spinola if the chips in front of him were not all valid.

"All valid," responded General Spinola with glee. "And don't forget, general," said the man who had won so many occasions borrowed from everyone at the table, "you have \$50 in velvet over in my pile. Don't forget that."

"That's all right, my friend," quietly remarked General Spinola, "but suppose for the time being we do not call that velvet. Let's call it plush!"—San Francisco Argonaut.

A Story of North.

A story is told of the late Colonel North to the effect that the colonel loved children, but was not wildly keen on kissing babies.

Once, being implored by a handsome lady to kiss an exceptionally unwholesome looking infant, of which the mother stared herself to be the living image. "Well, here goes for the image," said North, and he forthwith imprinted a sounding kiss on the fair mother's cheek.

Surprising Effect.

Young Husband—What! You are 25 years old today? Why, you told me a year ago, just before the wedding, that you were only 20.

Young Wife (wearily)—I have aged rapidly since I married.—New York Weekly.

Despair is like forward children, who,

when you take away one of their playthings, throw the rest into the fire for madness.

It grows angry with itself, turns its own executioner and revenges its misfortunes on its own head.—Charron.

Surprising Effect.

Young Husband—What! You are 25

years old today? Why, you told me a year

ago, just before the wedding, that you

were only 20.

The Lima Times-Democrat

LARGEST CIRCULATION IN LIMA.

Postage Prepaid Anywhere in United States.

OFFICE-TIMES BUILDING,
No. 221 North Main Street, Lima, O.
TELEPHONE CALL NO. 84.

THE LIMA TIMES-DEMOCRAT is published every evening except Sunday, and will be delivered at your address and sent by mail to the following towns:

One copy one year in advance — \$1.00

My name is — — — — —

Subscription — — — — —

Subscription — — — — — made ready Our
agent will call each week to receive payment
and arrangements be made with him. All
subscriptions received must be paid in
advance.

THE TIMES-DEMOCRAT PUBLISHING CO.

THE TIMES-DEMOCRAT has the largest circulation of any daily newspaper in northwestern Ohio, besides the larger cities it reaches every portion of the state and goes into every portion of the African continent. THE TIMES-DEMOCRAT is recognized as the people's paper, and as such is the most popular one in the city. It is read by more men in the business, professional and social classes than any other paper in the state. Its influence is superior to all competitors.

THE TIMES-DEMOCRAT—The Semi-Weekly edition of THE TIMES-DEMOCRAT is without parallel in popularity. It contains 36 columns of choice literature, editorial news and advertising matter of great interest to all readers in the country. THE TIMES-DEMOCRAT is published for the sum of

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR IN ADVANCE;
Subscriptions not paid in advance will be charged for at the rate of \$1.25 per year.THE TIMES-DEMOCRAT PUBLISHING CO.,
LIMA, OHIO.

DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

NATIONAL

For President
WILLIAM J. BEYAN,
of Nebraska.For Vice President,
ARTHUR SEWALL,
of Maine.

STATE

Secretary of State,
CHILTON A. WHITE,
of Brown county.Judge of Supreme Court,
E. J. BLANDIN,
of Cleveland.Dairy and Food Commissioner,
Member Board of Public Works, WILLIAM BEAUMONT,
of Licking.For Presidential Elector at Large,
M. FECHHEIMER,
of Hamilton county.
T. E. POWELL,
of Franklin county.

DISTRICT.

For Member of Congress, 4th District,
GEORGE A. MARSHAL,
Shelby county.For Presidential Elector,
MARTIN B. TEAINOVA,
of Darke County.

COUNTY.

For Probate Judge,
THEODORE D. ROBB.For Clerk of the Court,
U. M. SHAPPELL.For County Auditor,
PHILIP WALTHER.For County Recorder,
ABRAHAM HARRON.For Prosecuting Attorney,
J. C. BIDENOUR.For Infirmary Director,
ELI MECHLING.For Commissioner,
T. C. BUEHS.SILVER COINAGE AS A CHECK
TO MONOPOLY

Just now the country has an object lesson. The gold reserve has been pulled down to about \$80,000,000. After feeling the public pulse the speculators and banking syndicates decide that it will be unwise to urge the issue of another \$100,000,000 of Government bonds. So they have resorted to two expedients. First, to loan the Government \$20,000,000

of gold second, to form a pool of nation the monetarists have proposed to prevent further loss of gold by selling exchange. That is to say they will secure additional credit in Europe to buy up the large amount of gold in the Atlantic and sufficient to turn the tide of gold in our favor.

What a humiliating spectacle To maintain the national credit on a false basis, it has to be bolstered by petty, speculative expedients and a rather bi-metallic monetary system such financial juggling would be unnecessary. But as Henry Cernuschi remarked twenty years ago: "Peru is in Europe, perhaps in America, persists in its use of the mono-metallic scheme he produced, and can produce, nothing but disaster." It has been the habit of gold bugs in all their discussions to sneer at Cernuschi, because his main advocacy was for the universal use of both silver and gold as money. Yet his suggestions were fully discussed in the Brussels Monetary Conference, and his arguments against the single standard have never been proved false. Before the National Social Association, in Liverpool, in 1878, Cernuschi utterly demolished the pretensions of Mr. Goettchen, who as English Chancellor of the Exchequer, subsequently greatly modified his attitude of hostility toward silver.

At that time M. Cernuschi answered six objections which English financiers had made. Several are worth reproduction.

1. The English sovereign will lose in value, its purchasing power will be impaired, if silver is allowed to circulate as an unlimited legal tender.

His reply to this was that if silver had never been in circulation, the value of gold would have been and would be greater than it is. But silver has always circulated, it has always competed with the value of it; is still circulated and the reduction which this rivalry might impose on the value of gold, gold has already fully undergone it has nothing more to fear. Although silver has not circulated in England (except as subsidiary coin) the value of English gold has never escaped the effects of the competition of silver. The proof of this is that English gold has never been worth more than French gold, which circulated side by side with silver. With French bimetallism the gold sovereign was worth silver 1½ times its weight, just the same as franc gold. The case will be the same under universal bimetallism. The circulation of silver in England will, therefore, strike no blow at the value of the sovereign.

2. Silver payments a breach of faith.

This Cernuschi declared a pitiful scruple. England, he said had been in turn bimetallic, silver monometallic, again bimetallic and lastly gold monometallic, without drawing on herself the reproach of having at every change committed a breach of faith. Holland, Belgium and the United States have changed their monetary metal without incurring any blame. English interests, Indian interests, the interests of the whole world, demand this reform, which consists in declaring the coinage of free silver even in England, and this reform will injure nobody. To reject it there must be good reasons, not mere pretenses and pitiful scruples.

3. Gold is the money of rich nations.

This he declared a prejudice France and the United States have alternately had now gold money, now silver money, without being alternately more rich, or less rich. Great Britain has been prosperous with gold monometalism, but the bimetallic system would have insured a greater independence to her money market, which has always needed of changing one metal for the other, and bimetallism would very probably have prevented or mitigated more than one monetary crisis, people do fad themselves better with two metals than with one.

4. The paying power of gold is very stable, therefore gold money is the best.

In answering this objection the French statistician insisted that the stability of the paying power was in proportion to the stability of production. The production of gold is more irregular than the production of silver, the paying power of gold, therefore, would, per se, be less stable than that of silver. It was the presence of silver in general circulation and the gravitation of the French 15s which preserved the paying power of English sovereigns at the time of the influx of Californian and Australian gold. Irregular is the production of both gold and silver, but the two irregularities neutralize each other, and the bimetallic production is very regular. For twenty-four years the total production of the two metals, valued at 15s represents an almost perfectly uniform annual sum of \$185,000,000. Alone, the bimetallic money is of regular production, alone, it has stability of value.

General conditions have changed very slightly since Cernuschi made these statements, and the United States proposes to meet the change by enhancing the ratio from 15s to 16 to 1. The remonetization of silver will not produce the commercial demoralization the monetarists have predicted. It will give the world a new standard of value, which is more than half the output of the world, and it will increase the circulating medium in the United States and increase wages.

It is his message to Congress on December 4, 1872, President Cleveland stated that between March 1, 1871, and November 1, 1872, the government had purchased, under the law \$12,000,000 fine ounce of silver at a cost of \$16,000,000. The government had fostered a great home industry, which has since been practically strangled by the repeal of the purchasing clause in the act of July 14, 1870. Mr. Cleveland admitted that this repeal had made an entire change in the complexion of our currency affairs. He was not sure it was for the better. In the nature of things he said, "it is impossible to know at this time precisely what conditions will be brought about by the change, or what, if any, supplementary legislation may in the light of such conditions appear to be essential or expedient." The argument of the gold men is an attempt to prove to the laboring multitude that the enormous decline in the prices of commodities is due entirely to natural causes, and that the people of the new South and the great West are wrong when they declare that gold has appreciated in value through the disease of silver money.

AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN

Mr. Bryan first used of Newbern as a speaker at Madison Square Garden. Mr. Bryan is a man of great ability, and is considered to be a leader in the Democratic party. He is a man of great energy and is a man of great influence.

It is known that Mr. Bryan is now preparing his speech of acceptance of the nomination. He expects to lay in New York speech, the ground work of his campaign, and it is believed that up to the date of his delivery he will have no reason to be anxious.

There was an apparent lull in the tide of visitors. Chairman Law of the Silver party national committee was at the Hotel New York. There was one party of visitors from Mississippi. There has been something of a decrease in the magnitude of Mr. Bryan's correspondence. Ever since his return from Canada the greater portion of each day has been spent at his desk dictating responses to letters and telegrams. A corps of five clerks and stenographers has aided him.

SWAMPED WITH BUSINESS.

Democratic Congressional Committee to Increase Its Force.

WASHINGTON, July 30.—It was stated at the Democratic congressional campaign committee headquarters that the entire force was burned under the demands made for literature to be used in the campaign. In reply to a question as to whether inquiries were for silver literature, the official in charge responded: "Entirely we get no other requests." The committee is far behind in its orders in the matter of documents, and a larger force will be employed in the mailing and folding departments.

WOMAN SCORCHER

Rides Over an Old Man and Injures Him Fatally.

Chicago, July 30.—An unknown woman riding a bicycle ran over William Klink, an aged butcher, and injured him so severely that he died from the effects. The woman was searching and the old butcher in attempting to get out of her way stumbled and fell. As he fell, one of the handlebars struck him in the abdomen, rupturing one of his intestines. The woman mounted her wheel before it could be ascertained who she was and rode away leaving the dying man lying on the street.

Fatal Explosion.

BOWLING GREEN, O., July 30.—One of the most fatal disasters in the annals of Wood county occurred on the Conroy Oil company's lease on the Roller farm near Darbridge. The boiler used for pumping the wells exploded killing two men and fatally wounding a third. Samuel Miller of Pennsylvania and Alie Brown of Dunbridge were instantly killed, and Charles Clark of Dowling fatally injured. Fragments of their bodies were found some distance from where the men lay and Brown's head was blown entirely off his body.

No Jurisdiction.

PIERRE S. D., July 30.—The supreme court handed down an opinion in the case involving the validity of the act resubmitting the prohibition clause of constitution. The court refused the application to restrain the secretary of state from providing that the question should be placed upon the ballot on the ground that at the present time the court had no jurisdiction to review the case.

American Citizen Released.

WASHINGTON, July 30.—The department of state has been advised by Consul General Lee at Havana, under date of July 13, that Mr. George Calvar an American citizen arrested at Manzanillo, district of Santiago de Cuba, last April, and Manuel Romogosa also an American citizen, have been officially notified of their release from prison.

To Sleep on the Street.

RAVENNA, O., July 30.—A new kind of a reformer secured a license at the office of Mayor Cole. He secured permission to sleep out of doors on the street all night. The man wore a large hat and had the appearance of a westerner. He claims that he has a mission to perform.

Wad of Money Missing.

TIFFIN, O., July 30.—A Bell, Edlumore and Ohio ticket agent in this city, is mourning the loss of a roll of bills containing over \$300. There is no clue to the pickpocket and the money disappeared while he was on the way to the office from the bank.

Fast Bicycle Riders.

XENIA, O., July 30.—In the Hutton 20-mile bicycle road race C. C. Cowles of Xenia won first money with 10-minute handicap in 59 ½. The world's record was broken by E. L. Lefcort of Dayton, who won the time prize making the distance in 54 ½.

Abused His Wife.

PICAYUNE, O., July 30.—Arthur Carr, whose matrimonial career only extends over 10 weeks, pleaded guilty to a warrant issued by his wife charging him with abusing her. He was fined \$50 and sentenced to serve 30 days in the workhouse.

At Loggerheads.

EAST LIVERPOOL, O., July 30.—The board of education and the two banks of the city—the First National and the Potters' National—are at loggerheads over a couple of notes of \$2,120 each, which the banks have been carrying for the board.

To Protect Song Birds.

MARIETTA, O., July 30.—The little daughter of Mr. Aden this city, took by mistake carbolic acid instead of carbonized water and is in a serious condition.

Took Carbolic Acid.

MARIETTA, O., July 30.—The little daughter of Mr. Aden this city, took by mistake carbolic acid instead of carbonized water and is in a serious condition.

North Streets.

The point is not happily taken. We are not sure that even the girls delude themselves with the notion that it is the ribbons and ruffles that entice men to them. Why, no, it is just "the eternal feminine" that does it, and though she be clad in her bicycle gown one's girl is one's girl for a' that. And the men, whatever she wears, still hold the tea cups in their hands and quaff a world old nectar—Detroit Free Press.

GLOSING OUT STOCK OF SUMMER GOODS.

This is what we have been doing for some time, and people who have visited us recently have been liberal purchasers of the many bargains to be found here. Those who have not taken advantage of this opportunity will do well to do so at once, as the best bargains go first.

Here is what we are doing this week:

All our 50c Summer Corsets are offered at 25c each. Sizes 18 to 29.

Black Silk Mitts.

The best quality you ever bought for 25c, will be sold this week for 15c a pair.

Shirt Waists.

All our Shirt Waists are being sold at half price.

Underwear.

For Men, Women and Children are being sold at greatly reduced prices.

Waists for Boys.

We have just received a large lot of boy's Waists, made of outing flannel, and are worth 25c. Price for this lot 15c each.

FRUIT CANS—you can buy them in our Economy Basement for 35c a dozen.

FELTZ BROS. & CO.

DRESS YOUR FEET
IN TAN SHOES.

The extreme low price at which we are selling tan shoes has reduced our stock very considerably. Order in time.

CLEAN SWEEP.

The remnants will be closed out at 25c. This includes every thing in colored goods. Also our Ladies' black Oxford.

NOW DON'T WASTE YOUR TIME.

We have your size to-day and may not have it to-morrow.

THE WAUGH SHOE STORE.

Cards for pictures not punched on sales of these goods.

Special Sunday Excursion to Fort Wayne via Pennsylvania Lines.

To Atlantic City without Transfer via Pennsylvania Lines.

By the option of the Delaware River Bridge the Pennsylvania Line offers the only air rail route to Atlantic City and the seashore. Transfer at Philadelphia, a Market Street Ferry. Coming to Atlantic City by rail, passengers are given a ride in a trolley car from Broad Street Station at which passengers get on to the trolley van. The van runs from the west over the Lenape Valley to the ocean in the city. Through trains from Chicago Indianapolis, Cincinnati, Pittsburgh, and intermediate points on the Pennsylvania Lines make convenient connections with the steamship terminals. Tickets apply to nearest Pennsylvania Line.

I.O.O.F.

The members of Stella Rebekah Lodge who expect to attend the Rebekah Lodge institution at Elida on Friday July 31, are requested to meet at Lodge rooms Thursday evening, July 30th, at 7 o'clock. The captain requests every member of De Reec Staff to be present if they expect to go to Elida.

EMMA VAN HORN, N. G.

A. WARNER, Chaplain

6th

"Wonderful! Marvelous!" are expressions frequently heard about cures effected by Foley's Kidney Cure. Do not fail to try this great remedy for any kidney trouble. H. F. Vorkamp, cor. Main and North streets.

The Labor of getting 1095 Meals

confirms some one in every home each year. Whoever the work devolves upon should know about it.

NONE SUCH MINCE MEAT

Illustrator-saver—a woman-saver. Without the long and wearying peeling, chopping, boiling, washing and mashing, a woman can quickly make a dinner pie, fruit pie or other dessert with the delight of a household. None Such is sold everywhere, there is no more need of making your own mince meat than of making your own cast. Try one package—10 cents. Take no substitutes.

MERIGEL-SOFT CO.
Brooklyn N. Y.



you know we have a
cial Sale of

Wall Paper at 3c Per Roll,
Forder at 1c a yard?

and see it.

DOWNDAR & SON.

WANTED

WANTED—Good girl for general house-work. Apply at 621 West High street.

WANTED—A good man for a collector, with excellent opportunities for advancement. Call between 8:30 and 12:30—mor-

at room 31, opera house block.

WANTED—Competent girl for general house-work. Good wages. Apply at

to Mrs. C. C. Price, 111 West Market street.

7-25

LOCAL TIME CARD

ing time of departure of trains from various depots at Lima, corrected
on 22, 1896.

P. F. W. & C. H. R.

4—Going East, Daily..... 7:45 a.m.

5— " " ex. Sunday..... 8:30 a.m.

6— " " " " 8:45 a.m.

7— " " Limited..... 10:45 a.m.

8— " " ex. Sunday..... 2:30 p.m.

9— " " " " 2:50 p.m.

10— " " " " 3:45 p.m.

11— " " " " 2:00 p.m.

12— " " Limited..... 3:30 p.m.

C. H. & R. R.

13—Going North, daily..... 1:45 a.m.

14— " " daily ex. Sunday..... 2:30 a.m.

15— " " " " 2:45 a.m.

16— " " ex. Sunday..... 3:45 a.m.

17— " " " " 4:00 p.m.

18— " " " " 4:15 p.m.

19— " " " " 4:30 p.m.

20— " " " " 4:45 p.m.

L. E. & W. R. R.

21—Going East, daily ex. Sunday..... 7:45 a.m.

22— " " " " 8:00 a.m.

23— " " " " 8:15 a.m.

24— " " " " 8:30 a.m.

25— " " " " 8:45 a.m.

O. & R. R. R.

26—Going East, daily ex. Sunday..... 7:00 a.m.

27— " " " " 8:30 p.m.

28— " " " " 8:45 p.m.

29— " " " " 8:50 p.m.

LIMA NORTHERN.

30—Going north daily ex. Sunday..... 8:30 a.m.

31— " " south ex. " " " 8:30 a.m.

32— " " " " 8:40 p.m.

33— " " " " 8:45 p.m.

34— " " " " 8:50 p.m.

35— " " " " 8:55 p.m.

36— " " " " 9:00 p.m.

37— " " " " 9:10 p.m.

38— " " " " 9:20 p.m.

39— " " " " 9:30 p.m.

40— " " " " 9:40 p.m.

41— " " " " 9:50 p.m.

42— " " " " 9:55 p.m.

43— " " " " 9:58 p.m.

44— " " " " 9:59 p.m.

45— " " " " 10:00 p.m.

46— " " " " 10:05 p.m.

47— " " " " 10:10 p.m.

48— " " " " 10:15 p.m.

49— " " " " 10:20 p.m.

50— " " " " 10:25 p.m.

51— " " " " 10:30 p.m.

52— " " " " 10:35 p.m.

53— " " " " 10:40 p.m.

54— " " " " 10:45 p.m.

55— " " " " 10:50 p.m.

56— " " " " 10:55 p.m.

57— " " " " 11:00 p.m.

58— " " " " 11:10 p.m.

59— " " " " 11:20 p.m.

60— " " " " 11:30 p.m.

61— " " " " 11:40 p.m.

62— " " " " 11:50 p.m.

63— " " " " 11:55 p.m.

64— " " " " 12:00 a.m.

65— " " " " 12:10 a.m.

66— " " " " 12:20 a.m.

67— " " " " 12:30 a.m.

68— " " " " 12:40 a.m.

69— " " " " 12:50 a.m.

70— " " " " 12:55 a.m.

71— " " " " 12:58 a.m.

72— " " " " 12:59 a.m.

73— " " " " 1:00 a.m.

74— " " " " 1:10 a.m.

75— " " " " 1:20 a.m.

76— " " " " 1:30 a.m.

77— " " " " 1:40 a.m.

78— " " " " 1:50 a.m.

79— " " " " 1:55 a.m.

80— " " " " 1:58 a.m.

81— " " " " 1:59 a.m.

82— " " " " 2:00 a.m.

83— " " " " 2:10 a.m.

84— " " " " 2:20 a.m.

85— " " " " 2:30 a.m.

86— " " " " 2:40 a.m.

87— " " " " 2:50 a.m.

88— " " " " 2:55 a.m.

89— " " " " 2:58 a.m.

90— " " " " 2:59 a.m.

91— " " " " 3:00 a.m.

92— " " " " 3:10 a.m.

93— " " " " 3:20 a.m.

94— " " " " 3:30 a.m.

95— " " " " 3:40 a.m.

96— " " " " 3:50 a.m.

97— " " " " 3:55 a.m.

98— " " " " 3:58 a.m.

99— " " " " 3:59 a.m.

100— " " " " 4:00 a.m.

101— " " " " 4:10 a.m.

102— " " " " 4:20 a.m.

103— " " " " 4:30 a.m.

104— " " " " 4:40 a.m.

105— " " " " 4:50 a.m.

106— " " " " 4:55 a.m.

107— " " " " 4:58 a.m.

108— " " " " 5:00 a.m.

109— " " " " 5:10 a.m.

110— " " " " 5:20 a.m.

111— " " " " 5:30 a.m.

112— " " " " 5:40 a.m.

113— " " " " 5:50 a.m.

114— " " " " 5:55 a.m.

115— " " " " 5:58 a.m.

116— " " " " 6:00 a.m.

117— " " " " 6:10 a.m.

118— " " " " 6:20 a.m.

119— " " " " 6:30 a.m.

120— " " " " 6:40 a.m.

121— " " " " 6:50 a.m.

122— " " " " 6:55 a.m.

123— " " " " 6:58 a.m.

124— " " " " 7:00 a.m.

125— " " " " 7:10 a.m.

126— " " " " 7:20 a.m.

127— " " " " 7:30 a.m.

128— " " " " 7:40 a.m.

129— " " " " 7:50 a.m.

130— " " " " 7:55 a.m.

131— " " " " 7:58 a.m.

132— " " " " 8:00 a.m.

133— " " " " 8:10 a.m.

134— " " " " 8:20 a.m.

135— " " " " 8:30 a.m.

136— " " " " 8:40 a.m.

137— " " " " 8:50 a.m.



Many women are unprepared for the birth of their babies as they were found on the decorated in the sand, old-fashioned way. Nine-tenths of all the suffering incident to the coming of baby is absolutely unnecessary. It is unnatural that this great function should be fraught with so much danger and distress. This was Dr. Pierce's conviction thirty years ago, and he set about to find a way to set the trouble right. The result was the preparation and introduction of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, the only medicine of its kind devised by a regularly graduated, experienced and skillful specialist in the treatment of the diseases of women—the only medicine in the world that frees the period of gestation from its discomforts, and makes parturition safe and practically painless. It is an absolute specific for all forms of female weakness and disease. It may be obtained at drug stores, and any woman who would like to know all about it, or who would like to have advice about her health, should write to Dr. Pierce, chief consulting physician at the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y.

A woman who is sorrow and anxious, and who is troubled with any form of indigestion can do no better thing than to try the effect of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They are the only positive and permanent cure for constipation. They stimulate the action of the liver and assimilate and getting rid of impurities. You do not become fat, nor will you take them until the regular healthy action of the bowels has been restored, and then quit. They are the only remedy of their kind that is a real remedy. They do not cause griping or any other unpleasant feeling. Don't let your druggist impose upon you and substitute something which he says is "just as good."

The Game of Subtraction.

He was a homeless youth in the big metropolis, but he had found a boarding house that was a dream of comfort. "That room is just fit," he said to himself as he left after his first visit. And he went over its charms mentally. "Big bureau, wardrobe, three easy chairs, footstool, sculling big ribbon bow on eas chair, door open into bathroom." That big, homelike ribbon bow and the bath were too good to last. The game of subtraction had begun before he made a second visit.

The ribbon bow went first. The big, easy chair disappeared next. He didn't mind when the family portraits vanished from the mantel. He meditated upon the subject, however, as in the gay comfort of his pyjamas he strolled to the bathroom door one morning for his matutinal plunge. The door was locked. Now that he is in other quarters he wonders if there would have been a bed left to sleep on if he had stayed.—New York Times.

Conquering With Conscience.

He was a mean creature, and to his meanness was added such designing wickedness as is rarely shown by man. He went into a newspaper office the other morning and offered the following advertisement for publication:

"Notice.—If the plain looking woman, about 40 years of age, who lost a pocketbook containing £2 12s. 6d. in — street on Tuesday afternoon will apply to —, she can have the money by paying for this advertisement."

The mean wretch had seen the lady drop the pocketbook and wished to retain the contents for himself. He was of opinion that no woman would answer the advertisement, as he had worded it, for so small a sum as £2 12s. 6d. He was correct.—Pearson's Weekly.

Makeshifts For Disabled Wheels.

A veteran of the road suggests these makeshifts for disabled wheels to save walking. If several spokes of the hind wheel break, replace them with two or three taken at wide intervals from the front wheel, on which there is relatively little pressure (this is a simple operation to one provided with a spoke wrench). When you cannot find a puncture or cannot repair it, take your wheel to a brook or pond—anything that has enough water in it for you to get your wheel in—and fill the tire with water. Then get on and make the best you can for home. The water will last almost an hour. If there is no water or the puncture is such that the water would leak out too fast, go to the first farmer you can reach and ask him for some bran. Then loosen your tire, draw out the inner tube—if you have a double tire—and fill the outer tire through the opening with the bran, stuff it as full as you can, lace it up, put on the tire and fasten it, and you will be able to ride home slowly. If you can't get bran, take muddlings or wheat or, if that is not at hand, and you happen to run across a sand pit, take that, using care to have it free from stones.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Firmness of purpose is one of the most necessary sinews of character and one of the best instruments of success. Without it genius wastes its efforts in a maze of inconsistencies.—Chesterfield.

Most natures are insatiable, cannot satisfy their own wants, have an ambition out of all proportion to their practical force and so do lean and beg day and night continually.—Emerson.

Women who are weak and nervous, who have no appetite and cannot sleep had strength and vigor in Hart's Sarsaparilla.

Honey for Erysipelas.

"Applications of honey," says a medical quarterly, "are said to quickly relieve the pain and abort the attack in erysipelas of the face."—Washington Post.

A GOOD POKER STORY

THE NEW MAN IN THE NEW MARKET CITY CIRCLE.

He Was In the Grocery Business and Hadn't Time to Play—However, He Joined the Party for Two Evenings and Sold His Grocery Store.

I saw a story in a paper recently, said an old sport at Willard's the other day, which told how two sleek strangers from the Windy City walked a poker game in an Indiana town and got away with all the money in it. That reminds me of another story of the same order.

In the town of New Harmony are located a number of gentlemen of great taste and considerable means. For years the majority of the men were playing cards and whist, but that was finally changed by the arrival of two characters who organized and taught a class in poker. The first of these was the son of a Frenchman, who lived on an island down the river. His father was worth in the neighborhood of \$200,000 or \$300,000, and he kept his boy well supplied with money.

Well, this progressive youth organized a poker game in the peaceful village of New Harmony. There were about six in the party, and it was their custom once a week or more to meet at the hotel and indulge in a friendly, quiet game, but one where the only limit was the beautiful blue sky. The Frenchman played a game of bluff from start to finish. He would pike along in the pots until some one thought he had a fair hand and would open for a few hundred dollars, when the Frenchman would shore from \$2,000 to \$5,000 dollars into the pot before the draw, and nine times out of ten the other man would have to go to the pack.

There was another player in the game, the hotel keeper, who was also after the spuds. He was the only one who could beat the Frenchman. Time after time the latter would push in his roll and send the hotel keeper to the pack. But once in awhile the latter would catch his antagonist napping and would come back at him with another raise, getting back in one pot all he had lost during the remainder of the evening.

One spring day a well dressed, quiet looking man drifted into town and put up at the hotel. In the course of time he was introduced to all the crowd about the hotel, and they found him a most congenial companion. He was only a moderate drinker, but liked to gather a crowd around him and smoke and tell stories. After a week of this he told the boys that he intended to locate there and open a fancy grocery store. He went away for a few days, and when he returned he opened up near the hotel. Such a store as he opened had never been seen in the place prior to this time. He kept imported pickles, canned shrimps, fine cheeses and everything on that order, supplemented with a stock of the choicest wines, liquors and cigars.

Owing to his congenial habits his store soon became the loafering place of the poker playing crowd, and they often gathered there of an evening to listen to his stories and to drink and smoke.

Many invitations were extended to the quiet man of business to take a hand in the game, but he invariably replied that he knew nothing about playing poker. He had, however, played the game and liked it pretty well, but he would say: "You boys have nothing to do tomorrow and can afford to stay up all night if you want to. I have my business to attend to and must get around early to open up."

One night, however, when the crowd had been drinking more than usual and were feeling particularly good, they refused to take any excuse and insisted that he must go in with them. He had been drinking himself, and he finally consented to go to the hotel and take a hand for awhile. In the game the Frenchman played his same old tricks. Every time the storekeeper would poke his head out of his hole the Frenchman was waiting for him with a club and hit him hard. The game broke up about 5 o'clock in the morning, and it was found that the storekeeper was out about \$4,000. Was he sore? Well, I should say he was. He had told them, he said, that he didn't want to play; that he couldn't play, and that he could not afford to lose the money. Finally he said: "I have been thinking for some time of putting a clerk in charge of my store, and I am going down to Louisville tomorrow to get one. Then I will have more time to play with you boys." True to his word, he went to Louisville, and several days later a man came up and went to work in the store. "Now," said he, "I am ready for a game tonight, and I warn you I am going to bring a pile of money with me. I am determined to win back what I lost or lose all that I have left, which is considerable." Well, the gang felt sorry for him. He was a good fellow, they admitted, but he had no business playing poker. However, his money was as good as any one else's, and if it was in the game they must go out after it.

The game commenced early that night and lasted until 6 in the morning. Again the Frenchman tried his old tactics, but somehow they did not work. Every time he came at the storekeeper the latter was loaded. Finally, about 6, the game broke up, and the fancy grocery... walked down stairs, washed his hands and face and went to the depot, where he took the fast train out of town. He had soaked the Frenchman for \$25,000 and had picked up \$5,000 more from the small fry. Investigation showed that the supposed clerk had really bought the store, and the last the crowd heard of their \$30,000 the smooth faced storekeeper was spending it. Said he: "I took a crimp in that poker game that was never ironed out."—Indianapolis Journal.

A Safe Rule.

"Rascals, you infernal niggers, you told me that male was perfectly safe, and when I went into the stable he nearly kicked the top of my head off." "Yes, sah, I said the mewl wuz safe, sah. Bet of ye kin recollect, I didn't say miflin about welder you was safe in his wimmin. Dat mewl is alde enough to be safe anywhere."—Indianapolis Journal.

Passion's Temple.

Gambling houses are temples where the most sordid and turbulent passions concur. There no spectator can be indifferent. A card or a small square of ivory interests more than the loss of an empire or the ruin of an unoffending group of infants and their nearest relatives.—Zimmermann.

WATCHES

Some Facts Concerning the Styles—The Great Number of Watches Used.

In this show city recently carries a watch price of from \$100 to \$1,000 and great numbers of women and many young people carry watches in the best trade of the city many more watches of gold are sold than of silver; of all the watches sold throughout the country about 25 percent are of gold. The percentage of gold watches is increasing.

The fashionable watch of the day is open faced. The sale of open faced watches is increasing, especially in fine watches, but it is increasing also in watches of other grades. Of fine gold watches sold in the city probably two-thirds are now made open faced.

The modern watch has for one of its characteristics thinness. A man's watch, which is now made more especially to wear with evening dress and is all the time growing in favor, is a plain, thin, open faced gold watch, which takes up but little room in the pocket. Perfect in its simplicity, this watch is at the same time of fine workmanship and great beauty. It sells at \$100. A gold watch not so thin nor so finely finished, but a very handsome modern watch and an excellent timekeeper, by the same makers and bearing their name, can be bought in open faced case, the case of 18 carat gold for \$65; in double case for \$70.

But gold watches and good watches, too, can be bought for very much less than these prices—in fact, there never was a time when watches generally were made in such tasteful shapes, or when they were so good for the money or so cheap as now.

Taking all the grades together, the American production of watches is about 4,000 daily. The importation of watches amounts to about the same number. One might at first wonder what becomes of all these watches. A great number are taken up annually by the new buyers coming into the market for the first time out of the constant and large increase in the population. Great as the percentage of watch owners now is in this country, that also is increasing. Many immigrants buy watches as soon as they get the money. Some men own more than one watch. Watches wear out or their owners lay them aside for a better watch or for one of newer style. Watches are lost and destroyed, and when one comes to take all these things into consideration it will be seen that the great production of watches may be in large measure easily accounted for.—New York Sun.

Herrick's Love of Music.

It has been remarked by Mr. Goss that Herrick "is alive as no poet before or since to the picturesqueness of dress," and the statement, though sweeping, is correct. He takes note of each fold in Julia's gown, he writes lines upon the ribbon round her waist, he describes the rustling of her walk and is in fine as quick to perceive the beauty that lies in dress as to comprehend the splendor of a full blown rose.

Music, too, did not go without appreciation from him. It would have been difficult to imagine Herrick dull to the influence of music, although some of our poets have been credited with inability to distinguish one tune from another.

But on the other hand there are many musical poets, Milton, Gray, Browning and a host of others. Speaking of Milton reminds us that Herrick addresses one of his poems to Harry Lawes, who was the subject of one of Milton's sonnets. Lawes wrote the music to "Comus" and received from the poet the praise of "a master of song."

Musical, too, did not go without appreciation from him. It would have been difficult to imagine Herrick dull to the influence of music, although some of our poets have been credited with inability to distinguish one tune from another.

But on the other hand there are many musical poets, Milton, Gray, Browning and a host of others. Speaking of Milton reminds us that Herrick addresses one of his poems to Harry Lawes, who was the subject of one of Milton's sonnets. Lawes wrote the music to "Comus" and received from the poet the praise of "a master of song."

"Oh, nonsense!" replied the lady. "That is what they said at — in Mayfair, so I brought it on here. I suppose Dr. Blank knows what he prescribes."

"Doubtless, madam; but, although

Dr. Blank is one of the most eminent of his profession, I dare not make up this prescription, as the strength at which

the drug is here ordered is not allowed by the British pharmacopoeia."

"Oh, nonsense!" repeated the lady, commencing to patter on the floor with her small foot. "This is monstrous. Here is my husband waiting for medicine of the utmost importance to his condition, and two chemists' assistants think they know better what is good for him than one of the leading men of the College of Physicians. Give me the prescription, and I will get it prepared elsewhere."

The assistant bowed, took up the prescription and then seemed to hesitate.

"Well," said the lady, who seemed of a highly nervous, irritable disposition, "well, what is the matter?"

"I am afraid, madam," returned the assistant, "that I cannot dispense this prescription."

"Oh, nonsense!" replied the lady. "That is what they said at — in Mayfair, so I brought it on here. I suppose Dr. Blank knows what he prescribes."

"Doubtless, madam; but, although

Dr. Blank is one of the most eminent of his profession, I dare not make up this prescription, as the strength at which

the drug is here ordered is not allowed by the British pharmacopoeia."

"Oh, nonsense!" repeated the lady, commencing to patter on the floor with her small foot. "This is monstrous. Here is my husband waiting for medicine of the utmost importance to his condition, and two chemists' assistants think they know better what is good for him than one of the leading men of the College of Physicians. Give me the prescription, and I will get it prepared elsewhere."

The assistant bowed, took up the prescription and then seemed to hesitate.

"Well," said the lady, who seemed of a highly nervous, irritable disposition, "well, what is the matter?"

"I am afraid, madam," returned the assistant, "that I cannot dispense this prescription."

"Oh, nonsense!" replied the lady. "That is what they said at — in Mayfair, so I brought it on here. I suppose Dr. Blank knows what he prescribes."

"Doubtless, madam; but, although

Dr. Blank is one of the most eminent of his profession, I dare not make up this prescription, as the strength at which

the drug is here ordered is not allowed by the British pharmacopoeia."

"Oh, nonsense!" repeated the lady, commencing to patter on the floor with her small foot. "This is monstrous. Here is my husband waiting for medicine of the utmost importance to his condition, and two chemists' assistants think they know better what is good for him than one of the leading men of the College of Physicians. Give me the prescription, and I will get it prepared elsewhere."

The assistant bowed, took up the prescription and then seemed to hesitate.

"Well," said the lady, who seemed of a highly nervous, irritable disposition, "well, what is the matter?"

"I am afraid, madam," returned the assistant, "that I cannot dispense this prescription."

"Oh, nonsense!" replied the lady. "That is what they said at — in Mayfair, so I brought it on here. I suppose Dr. Blank knows what he prescribes."

"Doubtless, madam; but, although

Dr. Blank is one of the most eminent of his profession, I dare not make up this prescription, as the strength at which

the drug is here ordered is not allowed by the British pharmacopoeia."

"Oh, nonsense!" repeated the lady, commencing to patter on the floor with her small foot. "This is monstrous. Here is my husband waiting for medicine of the utmost importance to his condition, and two chemists' assistants think they know better what is good for him than one of the leading men of the College of Physicians. Give me the prescription, and I will get it prepared elsewhere."

The assistant bowed, took up the prescription and then seemed to hesitate.

"Well," said the lady, who seemed of a highly nervous, irritable disposition, "well, what is the matter?"

"I am afraid, madam," returned the assistant, "that I cannot dispense this prescription."

"Oh, nonsense!" replied the lady. "That is what they said at — in Mayfair, so I brought it on here. I suppose Dr. Blank knows what he prescribes."

"Doubtless, madam; but, although

Dr. Blank is one of the most eminent of his profession, I dare not make up this prescription, as the strength at which

the drug is here ordered is not allowed by the British pharmacopoeia."

"Oh, nonsense!" repeated the lady, commencing to patter on the floor with her small foot. "This is monstrous. Here is my husband waiting for medicine of the utmost importance to his condition, and two chemists' assistants think they know better what is good for him than one of the leading men of the College of Physicians. Give me the prescription, and I will get it prepared elsewhere."

The assistant bowed, took up the prescription and then seemed to hesitate.

"Well," said the lady, who seemed of a highly nervous, irritable disposition, "well, what is the matter?"

"I am afraid, madam," returned the assistant, "that I cannot dispense this prescription."

"Oh, nonsense!" replied the lady. "That is what they said at — in Mayfair, so I brought it on here. I suppose Dr. Blank knows what he prescribes."

"Doubtless, madam; but, although

Dr. Blank is one of the most eminent of his profession, I dare not make up this prescription, as the strength at which

the drug is here ordered is not allowed by the British pharmacopoeia."

THE - POSTOFFICE

Enjoys the biggest trade in town; but as we claim to have always been next to the postoffice, (next door) it was fitting that, the latter having vacated its old quarters, we should take possession. So that's what we did, and this

OFFICIAL NOTICE

Is printed so that everybody may know it. It is important that you should know where to find us, for it wouldn't do to have people dropping dead in the street, not knowing where to find us, when we have a whole store full of medicines, with which we gladly save all the lives we can. So, henceforth,

IF ANYTHING'S THE MATTER WITH YOU, GO TO THE POSTOFFICE.

The old postoffice, of course, not the new. There in the future, as in the past, you may feel sure your prescriptions will always be carefully compounded, and at reasonable prices.

See our splendid new line of Fine Perfumes.

WM. M MELVILLE,
THE DRUGGIST.

OLD POSTOFFICE CORNER.

Do You Know That Shoes Are Cheaper Than Ever Before?

ARE YOU BUYING YOUR SHOES AT THE OLD OR THE NEW PRICE?

We have been picking up shapes during the last sixty days from parties who needed some cash very badly. We bought them way down low. We are selling good goods at lower prices than many dealers had to pay for the poorest kind of shoddy a year ago. TRY THE NEW SHOE MAN AT Wm. M. Melville's OLD STAND.

I. E. AVERY.

135 NORTH MAIN ST.

GEO. W. COE,
Piano Tuner.

FIRST CLASS WORK.

Leave order at Doward & Son's book store, or telephone No. 23.

THE TIMES-DEMOCRAT.

THE TIMES-DEMOCRAT PUBLISHING CO.

COUNTING ROOM 221 NORTH MAIN ST.

TELEPHONE CALL NO. 84.

TALES OF THE TOWN.

Miss Johnson is assisting Recorder Harrod, in his office, this week.

P. W. Fox removed to-day from 533 north Elizabeth street to Greenlaw avenue.

Alexandria Byrd and Laura Payton were granted a marriage license by Judge Bobb this morning.

The College Hill Gun Club this afternoon held a badge shoot at their grounds in the west part of the city.

John Cable will entertain about forty of his boy friends this afternoon in honor of his guest, James MacKenzie of North Baltimore.

Miss Lenore Vail, at the Lima Club house, on Friday evening, July 25th, will receive in honor of her visiting friends, Miss Eloise Atchinson and Miss Taft.

The Crescents and Shamrocks played a game of ball this afternoon at the park. The old schedule will be finished this week. The new schedule is being arranged by the management of the league.

Mrs. Joseph Brower, of Sugar Creek township, died Wednesday at 4:30 p.m. She has been ill with brain paralysis for the past five weeks. She will be buried Friday morning at 10 o'clock in the Dutch Hollow cemetery, the services being held in the church adjoining the cemetery.

LeRoy, the six months-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Calvin A. Ferguson, of 261 south Pine street, died at 2:30 o'clock this morning from measles and summer complaint. The funeral will leave the house at 8 o'clock tomorrow morning, and the remains will be interred at West Point cemetery, twelve miles northeast of this city.

SPLENDID START.

Spencerville Organizes a Club to Work for the Silver Cause.

The silver sentiment is spreading rapidly throughout the country. Spencerville has caught the popular idea, and last evening organized a Bryan club with a membership of two hundred and fifty. The meeting was an enthusiastic one and was largely attended. A large number of the membership are said to be farmers.

Democratic Central Committee Meeting.

The Democratic County Central Committee elected last spring, will meet at the court house on Saturday, August 8th, at 1 p.m., for organization. All members are requested to be present.

D. E. BAXTER, Jr., Chairman
W. J. O'CONNOR, Secy.

A TRAGEDY.

Deplorable Accident at the Circuit Races.

JOSEPH GREIBLER KILLED.

While Riding at a Terrible Pace Greibler Failed to Turn into the Home Stretch and Rides into a Fence With Fatal Results.

The great National Circuit Bicycle race meet held here yesterday was marred by a sad and deplorable fatality, unprecedented in the history of bicycle track racing. Joseph Greibler, of Minneapolis, Minn., one of the most promising professional racing men on the National Circuit, was fatally injured in the third event of the afternoon and died in less than an hour later.

The fatal accident occurred during the finish of the half mile open professional race. The men who mounted their wheels at the tape were Fred Schrein, of Toledo; Owen Kimble, of Indianapolis; Con Baker, of Columbus; W. C. Sanger, of Milwaukee; Tom Cooper, of Detroit; Otto Zeigler, of California; Arthur Gardiner, of Chicago; O. L. Stevens, of Ottawa, Ill.; Pat O'Connor, of Louisville, Ky.; E. C. Bald, of Buffalo; Jay Eaton, of Elizabeth, N.J.; Fred J. Longhead, of Canada, and Joe Greibler, of Minneapolis. There were just thirteen starters, and they were counted by referee Croninger. There would have been but twelve men but for Fred J. Longhead, who



DAYTON

entered at the last moment and made up the unlucky number.

The 13 men filled up the track from pole to outside when lined up at the tape, and several advised Mr. Croninger to run the men in two heats. Many of the riders, however, seemed anxious to have but the one final heat, and the 13 were finally started by the starter, Asa Windle. Greibler was some distance from the pole when the start was made and failed to get a position near the pace maker. He followed closely, but well back in the bunch. At the quarter pole Sanger and Bald touched handle bars, and the former was thrown, but Greibler got by safely and immediately started the sprint for the finish. The spurt he made was one of the most terrific ever seen on the track. He passed the entire bunch, Cooper, Bald and all, at a lightning pace, and when the last turn was reached he was at least fifteen or twenty feet in advance of Cooper, who led the bunch. Greibler had his head down and was working with all the power he could command. His wheel fairly flew over the track, and his phenomenal speed attracted the attention of every spectator who saw him. He reached the home stretch, and to the amazement of the spectators, did not straighten up and head for the tape, but kept on swinging wide as though he was still making the lower turn outside the bunch. Still his head was down and every muscle was strained to increase the speed that was already terrific. He did not raise his head and did not change his course. The hearts of the spectators stood still, and for an instant every breath was held.

Surely he will turn, they thought, and no one uttered a warning cry until too late. With his head still dropped Greibler worked on like a demon until his front wheel started up the high bank on the west side of the track almost opposite the art hall. It was all over in an instant. From the grand stand the spectators lost sight of the rider for a moment as he neared the bank, and then both wheel and rider were seen bounding in the air above the heads of the people. After the unfortunate rider had fallen off, the wheel rebounded onto the track, knocking a boy prostrate to the ground. Greibler seemed to realize his danger an instant too late. He glanced up just as the wheel struck the back. Then he was thrown against the fence with terrible force. His head struck a post and he fell to the ground unconscious. Several trainers were soon at his side, but none thought Greibler seriously injured. Two or three physicians were called from the crowd and they at once pronounced his condition serious. He was bleeding from the nose and mouth, his left ear was almost torn from his head and he was cut and bruised back of the left ear and on the chin. Greibler moaned almost continually and called for a drink of water, but did not at any time thoroughly regain consciousness. Grosjean's ambulance was called and he was taken to his room at the Burton house where he died twenty minutes later. The accident occurred about 3:40 o'clock and his death at about 4:00.

Coroner Steuber viewed the re-

mains and found that the unfortunate man's skull was crushed back of the left ear.

There are different opinions regarding the cause of the fatal accident. Some are of the opinion that Greibler had an attack of dizziness or ruptured a blood vessel when he made the terrible spurt. This seems improbable, however, for the man continued to work with strength that he could not have commanded had there been anything wrong with him.

From his trainer, Otto Wirtensohn of Minneapolis, Minn., it was learned that Greibler had a wife and two children, whom he had left in Granite Falls, Minn. The family depended upon his winnings upon the track for their support. Racing was a profession in which he excelled, and he chose the track as his place for gaining a livelihood for himself and his loved ones. He defeated every rider he met in Minnesota, and then joined the National circuit, and became one of the strongest and most promising riders upon the circuit. A few weeks ago he was taken ill and was admitted to a hospital in Chicago, where he remained two weeks and then worked into excellent condition before rejoining the circuit. His unfortunate illness had made him rather down-hearted, because he wanted to win some money to send home to his family. The half mile open professional, yesterday, was his first race after he had been sick. He needed money and was determined to win. He started the sprint for the finish, gained a lead of three or four lengths and was determined to reach the tape before any of the other riders could overtake him. He did not realize that he had not turned into the home stretch and was doubtless thinking how the prize he seemed sure of winning would gladden the hearts of the little ones at home, when he made the fatal plunge up the bank. Had he turned into the home stretch safely he undoubtedly would have won the race.

Immediately after the accident Greibler's wife was notified by a telegram that her husband was badly injured, and a reply was soon received stating that she would come at once. At 4:35 another telegram to Mrs. Greibler bore the sad tidings of death, and she replied that she would not come, requesting the remains to be sent to Granite Falls, Minn., at once.

Greibler rode for the manufacturers of the Dayton wheel, and before 11 o'clock last night P. L. Hussey, the Dayton manager, and George O'Dell, the Dayton representative at Chicago, were in this city. The remains had been removed to Grosjean's morgue, and the Dayton agents provided a handsome casket and other necessary articles for the transportation and interment of the body.

At 2 o'clock this morning the remains were taken in charge by Mr. Wirtensohn and Mr. O'Dell, who left over the P. Ft. W. & O. for Chicago. Mr. Wirtensohn will accompany the remains to Granite Falls, Minn., which place will be reached by noon to-morrow, and the funeral services will be held Sunday.

Before becoming a racing man Greibler ran a restaurant in St. Cloud, Minn., and after he joined the circuit he made his home in Milwaukee.

Before leaving for Springfield last night on a special train the racing men all pledged their winnings to-day to Greibler's widow and children.

For an hour during the races threatening clouds appeared in the northwest, and many of the spectators left for fear of a storm. All the events were pulled off, however, except the last, a two mile handicap, professional, which was declared off by referee Croninger when rain began to fall.

Lee Richardson's performances at

THE CIRCUIT MEET.

Bald and Cooper Win the Principal Events.

SUMMARY OF THE RACES.

Last Event Declared Off on Account of the Rain—The Attendance was Fair, and the Track Poor, but the Races Good.

But for the sad and untimely death of poor Joseph Greibler, an account of which appears in another column of this issue, the National Circuit races at the fair grounds yesterday afternoon were a success. Had the spectators and racing men known that poor Greibler's accident was a fatal one, the former would have enjoyed the events but little, and the racing men would have lost all interest in the races, or in all probability have left the track, with the events following the professional half mile open, unfinished.

The attendance was not what the race promoters wished to see, but it could have been much worse. As it was, the stockholders will about play even, or at the worst, their assessment will hardly exceed 15 or 20 percent of the stock subscribed. However, no one will complain. The National Circuit flyers were here and are gone. The public was given a chance to see the greatest field of racing men that ever competed in any one race meet, and at a price of admission that was 25 cents lower per capita than at any other race meet on the circuit.

The first race was a one mile novice, and outside of the special one mile handicap for Lima Cycling Club riders only, was the only race in which a Lima rider won a prize. There were five starters in the novice and F. P. Odell succeeded in winning first place.

In the half mile open, amateur, Clyde Roberts, Orley Clutter and Earl Bressler of Lima, and L. T. Brown, of Mansfield, qualified. Time, 1:17 2/5.

Second heat—Clyde Roberts, Orley Clutter and Earl Bressler of Lima, and L. T. Brown, of Mansfield, qualified. Time, 1:17 2/5.

Final—Clyde Doty, first; Barney Oldfield, second; Ed McKeon, third; Clyde Roberts, fourth. Time, 1:23 2/5.

One mile handicap, professional—O. S. Kimble, Indianapolis, 60 yards, first; H. C. Clark, 60 yards, second; Con Baker, Columbus, 40 yards, third; W. T. Horst, Chicago, fourth. Time, 2:10 1/5.

Two mile handicap, amateur—L. T. Brown, Mansfield, 200 yards, first; Earl Farrar, Dayton, 20 yards, second; W. S. Furman, Oao, O., 120 yards, third; W. H. Osterhouse, 180 yards, fourth.

One mile open, professional—First heat—Tom Cooper, first; Arthur Gardiner, second; Fred Schrein, third. Time, 2:31 2/5.

Second heat—E. C. Bald, first; O. S. Kimble, second; Otto Zeigler, third. Time, 2:43 2/5.

Final—E. C. Bald, first; Tom Cooper, second; Arthur Gardiner, third, paced by Eli Winesett, of Olympia, Wash. Time, 2:18 1/5.

One mile open, amateur—Barney Oldfield, first; Claude Doty, second; W. T. Horst, Chicago, third. Time, 2:37 2/5.

fancy and trick riding were the best ever witnessed in this city. For his second performance he rode a half mile backward, against his own time, which was 1:43 2/5, and is the world's record. He fell on the first turn when he started and sustained a slight bruise on his head, but returning to the tape, he started again and rode the half in two minutes flat, a very good performance considering the condition of the track.

During an intermission "Rube Glue," a comedian, traveling with the Tribune Cycle Co., gave a short performance at trick riding. He was dressed as a "hayseed" and created considerable amusement.

The following is a summary of the races:

One mile novice, amateur—Harry C. Gadsby, Mansfield, first; F. P. Odell, Lima, second; G. P. Staley, Mostra, Ohio, third; Con F. Deese, Covington, Ohio, fourth. Time, 2:55 1/5.

Special, one mile handicap for L. C. members—Clyde Roberts, scratch, first; Orley Clutter, scratch, second; Earl Bressler, scratch, third. Time, 2:26.

Half mile open, professional—Tom Cooper, Detroit, first; Con Baker, Columbus, second; Otto Zeigler, California, third; E. C. Bald, Buffalo, N. Y., fourth. Time, 1:57 1/5.

Half mile open, amateur—First heat, Barney Oldfield, Toledo; Ed McKeon, Greenville; Claude Doty, Marion; Earl Farrar, Dayton, and J. F. Steele, Lisbon, qualified. Time, 1:12 2/5.

Second heat—Clyde Roberts, Orley Clutter and Earl Bressler of Lima, and L. T. Brown, of Mansfield, qualified. Time, 1:17 2/5.

Final—Clyde Doty, first; Barney Oldfield, second; Ed McKeon, third; Clyde Roberts, fourth. Time, 1:23 2/5.

One mile handicap, professional—O. S. Kimble, Indianapolis, 60 yards, first; H. C. Clark, 60 yards, second; Con Baker, Columbus, 40 yards, third; W. T. Horst, Chicago, fourth. Time, 2:10 1/5.

Two mile handicap, amateur—L. T. Brown, Mansfield, 200 yards, first; Earl Farrar, Dayton, 20 yards, second; W. S. Furman, Oao, O., 120 yards, third; W. H. Osterhouse, 180 yards, fourth.

One mile open, professional—First heat—Tom Cooper, first; Arthur Gardiner, second; Fred Schrein, third. Time, 2:31 2/5.

Second heat—E. C. Bald, first; O. S. Kimble, second; Otto Zeigler, third. Time, 2:43 2/5.

Final—E. C. Bald, first; Tom Cooper, second; Arthur Gardiner, third, paced by Eli Winesett, of Olympia, Wash. Time, 2:18 1/5.

One mile open, amateur—Barney Oldfield, first; Claude Doty, second; W. T. Horst, Chicago, third. Time, 2:37 2/5.

Did You Ever Try Electric Bitters as a remedy for your troubles? If not, get a bottle now and get relief. This medicine has been found to be peculiarly adapted to the relief and cure of all Female Complaints, exerting a wonderful direct influence in giving strength and tone to the organs. If you have Loss of Appetite, Constipation, Headache, Fainting Spells, or are Nervous, Sleepless, Excitable, Melancholy or troubled with Dizzy Spells, Electric Bitters is the medicine you need. Health and Strength are guaranteed by its use. Fifty cents and \$1.00 at Melville Drug Store.

Next Saturday Only.

We will give you two stew pails, nicely glazed on the inside, free with either a pound of Tea or Beston Earth Baking Powder or four pounds of Coffee.

LIMA TEA CO.

MEN'S SHOES.

It is extremely easy to practice false economy in the purchase of Shoes. Poorly made, ill-fitting, short-lived Shoes are NEVER cheap. By selling only dependable, desirable Footwear at the lowest possible prices we have established our reputation.

AS A SPECIAL INDUCEMENT

To get you to try our Shoes, we will sell